[J. Eagles]

376

WILLIAM GEORGE'S SONS LTD.
BOOKSELLERS
89 PARK STREET, BRISTOL

FELIX FARLEY.

Rhymes

Latin and English.

By

Bristol.

Printed & Published by J. M. Gutch.

1826.

FELIX FARLEY,

Rhymes,

LATIN AND ENGLISH,

BY

THEMANINTHEMOON.

BRISTOL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. M. GUTCH,

AT THE OFFICE OF FELIX FARLEY'S BRISTOL JOURNAL.

MDCCCXXVI.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

The following Latin Verses appeared at intervals in the columns of Felix Farley's Bristol Journal;—they were afterwards enlarged and translated by the Author, and at the request of numerous Readers of that Paper, they are now collected, and with the addition of a few Notes, explanatory of some local names and circumstances, together with some pictorial sketches from the pencil of a Bristol Artist, it is presumed the interest of the present Volume will extend beyond the district, where its contents engaged no small share of the public attention.

Felix Farley's Journal Office,
Bristol.
1st May 1826.

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.

"But in the mean time, said the Caliph, I shall be possibly disgusted by a crowd of smatterers; who will come to the trial, as much for the pleasure of retailing their own jargon, as from the hopes of gaining reward. To avoid this evil, it will be proper to add, that I will put every Candidate to death, who shall fail to give satisfaction; for thank Heaven! I have skill enough to distinguish between one that translates and one that invents."

VATHEK.

O for the Caliph Vathek's authority to execute vengeance upon my translator.* He has turned all my sugared words into vinegar and gall, by the heat of his own temper, and palmed upon me the most malicious inventions. Thus have I been

* *Vide* Bristol Gazette.

compelled to be my own interpreter. "None but myself can be my parallel." Benevolence is the very essence of my rhymes. Gentle Citizens, sweet Readers, I present you with a pure draught from the delicious fountain of the Muses. Taste, quaff, be thoroughly satisfied of its virtues. I will venture the recommendation of his whisky by the Hibernian Host, and offer liberally to defray the funeral expences of all who may die of taking it. I will only add this salutary CAUTION, that you may not be imposed upon by any spurious deleterious mixture. Observe, none is genuine that has not my own signature; to forge which is felony.

THEMANINTHEMOON.

DEDICATION.

Three days, three nights, and forty-five minutes have I been pondering my dedication in vain. Wherever I turned, insurmountable difficulties presented themselves. Alas! the Great Men of my native city have so bepadded and becushioned, and have so intrenched themselves within the barricado of sugar hogsheads and molassus, that they are altogether inaccessible, excepting one; and his ear has so delicate and modest a sense, that praise of any sort offends it. Innumerable would-be-great have presented themselves, gay and gorgeous, but upon winding off the exterior glossy tegument, I found them but grubs. How many figures, all exact resemblances, did I industriously model and re-model, and stick upon my table before me, make my obeisance to them, and then in disgust roll up my dough and fling them all in the fire. I next tried

their congregated merits, and resolved to frame an Universal Dedication; and having heard many a prefatory adulation in a *certain Chapel*, I eagerly adopted that style, which I had ever observed to afford so much complacency and satisfaction to all concerned. I had already rung the usual laudatory changes of the more particularlys and more especiallys; had worshipped most particularly the most worshipful the Mayor and Corporation of this city; had magnified liberality which I never had experienced, and bounty I had never known. I had more especiallied the unanimity and pious co-operation of the Reverend and learned the Clergy, and more particularly the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of this, but resident in another Diocese, Sheriffs, Law Officers, Javelin-men, Chamberlain, Constables, Petty-Constables, Churchwardens of the several parishes, Commonalty and Commonality, all in their respective stations, were magnified, exalted, and lauded to their best wishes—when conscience indignantly seized my pen, and drew it across the sublimest of Dedications. I was now once more

upon the search, and in a lucky moment discovered an Individual whom (meriting my own) I could safely offer to the love and admiration of my fellow-citizens—

ONE WHOSE AMBITION
HAS EVER BEEN
TO PROMOTE
THE BEST INTERESTS OF
HIS NATIVE CITY;
WHOM THE PRESENT GENERATION
MAY ESTEEM AND ADMIRE,
AND POSTERITY REGARD
AS THEIR GREATEST BENEFACTOR—

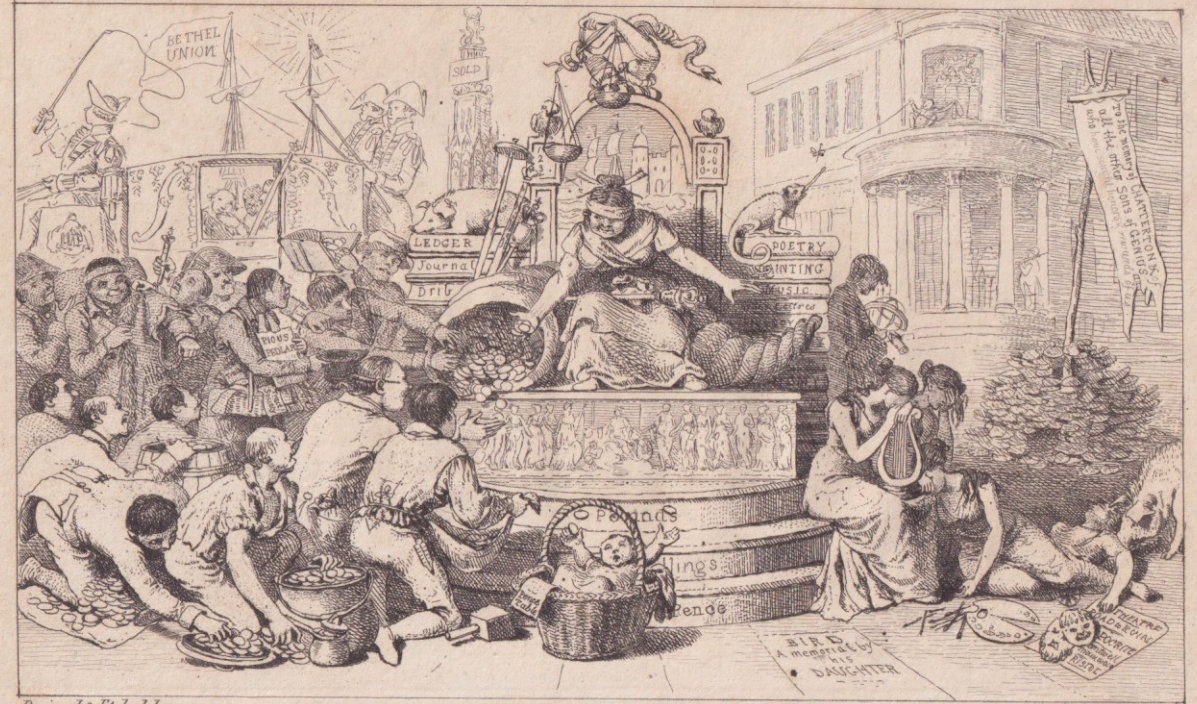
—MYSELF—

THEMANINTHEMOON.

The Author has requested us to insert the following Corrigenda.

Page 4, line 13, insert a comma after *bovile*.
9, —— 7, for *grandum* read gradum.
11, —— 12, for *pungas* read pugnas.
13, —— 14, for *civis* read cives.
15, —— 1, for *facientis* read facientes.
—— 10, dele comma after *manibus*.
17, —— 10, insert a comma after *pocula*.
20, —— 5, insert a comma after *Rhombi*.
—— 6, for *Ceti* read Cete.
22, —— 8, for *ungem* read unguem.
31, —— 5, for *pictores* read pictores.
—— 8, dele comma after *funus*.
—— 16, for *urterque* read uterque.
33, —— 20, for *delicla* read delicata.
39, —— 1, for *conquerentum* read conquerentem.
40, —— 4, insert comma after *fallentis*.
46, —— 8, dele comma after *animosum*.
—— 11, for *cultem* read cultum.
47, —— 18, for *edito* read editio.
48, —— 2, for *pucros* read pueros
—— 3, for *letteras* read litteras.
—— 22, insert comma after *irascimini*.
49 —— 9, insert comma after *fidiculis*.

Page 53, line 7, for *a field* read afield.
60, in the note, for *quassa* read quassas.
70, line 15, dele apostrophe after artists.
81, —— 15, for *things* read thing.
90, —— 23, for *You've Holmes's* read, You have the Holmes's.
98, —— 14, for *cards* read cares.
108, —— 19, for *flocks were folded* read flock was folded.
111, —— 22, for *his* read is.
112, —— 22, insert comma after win.
114, —— 4, for *even* read ever.
120, —— 25, for *sole* read sour.
125, —— 12, for *of God* read from God.
—— 13, for *wealth* read health.
127, —— 22, for *these* read their.



Designed & Etched by

Bristol rewarding the ARTS.

Scalpel Scants'dread.

PAUCA MEI IN LAUDES IPSIUS PROLOGUS OFFERT.

Mittitur, FELIX, *tibi multa Rima;*
Accipe et nullâ vitiata limâ,
Divitum vel quæ recites opima
Carmina mensis.

Sapphicum me nec tibi comparari
Southe, nec vel te pudet æmulari,
Sive mavis Laurifer, an vocari
Bristoliensis.

FELIX, qui potuisti rerum
Causas cognoscere, (nam verum
Dicatur hoc Virgiliano
Carmine sine salis grano:)
O Felix, ter quarterque Felix,
His literis salutem—me vix
Urbanos audientem mores
Rusticum inter rusticiores
Non dicam frigidè beatum

Nec laudo miserum Cincinnatum.—
Qui fulget purpurâ, beatus,
Et sindone qui cingit latus
Sancto; pedum pastorale
Laudo, si sit Episcopale,
Non illud rusticum trabale.

Quorsum Poetæ tot, de rebus
Rusticis, (quasi esset Phœbus
Incultus nil nisi bubulcus,
Musarum sedes, humilis sulcus,)
Carmina balbutire solent,
Quæ porcos, oves, hircos, olent;
Ovile boves et bovile
Omnia (væ! suffundor bile)
Desinentia in vile.

Me tædet ruris, miror ista
Quæ dixit optimè Psalmista.
" Quid non ignorat, vel quid sapit
Is cujus sermo boves capit."
Fodere terram mî videtur
Infrà dig.—telluri detur
Corpus hoc, non ante diem

Terræ prægravatus siem.
" Beatus procul a negotiis"
Et cætera qui dixit, otiis
Et gratis fruebatur sociis.
Urbe morantes quot et quales
Lepidissimos sodales
Reliqui! quêis candidiores
Non terra tulit animas, flores.
O quæ noctes! o qui dies!
Quæ jucunditas et quies
Quæ colloquia, quot amænæ
Quæ consociales cænæ!
Quò cursitabant tot lepores
Leporibus vel velociores.
Vidisset nos jucundiores
Quam fueramus nocte, rores
Sobrios ducens Lux diei
Prima ni cortinas ei
Objecissemus, memores dicti
Miltonii—" Nihil est delicti
Intra sanctæ noctis limen;
Peccatum facit Sol, et crimen."

Jam teneor rure, sic palantes

Animæ gemunt peramantes
Ripæ ulterioris, stantes
Ad Cymbam Stygii Charontis,
Undasque picei Acherontis;
Si locum memini Maronis—
Sic Hyperboreæ regionis—
Obruti gelu, rigescentes
Peribant Galli reminiscentes
Camporum vel Elysiorum
Lutetiæ Parisiorum.
Maritus quivis vel amator
Sic Dolobrunæ speculatur
Fluctus, morante jam puellâ
Vel uxore, quam procella
In portu Caletensis oræ
Detinet ulteriore.
Sic cives, lachrimosius istis,
Gratiosissimam vidistis
Reginam, fætido ferrato
Ponte ductario allevato
Illo Agustiniano,
(Prætercunte Cardiffano
Lembo) attonitam stupefactam
Collegium-greenum non jam nactam.

Tum Baillieus Colonellus
Etsi solito magis bellus
Obtutu misere stupebat,
(Stygium flumen ut olebat !)
Regina naribus hauriebat
Pulverem gratum tabacalem,
Devovens urbem Cloacalem.

Quotiés somno obrepente
Urbem visitavi mente,
Audii strepitus, vidi fumum
Et Macadamisatam humum!
Et quum suavissimo amico
Jungerem dextras, etiam pico
Loquacior, a me fugit Morpheus,
Deseror, alter miser Orpheus,
Uxorem cui invidit Orcus ;
Rusticus expergiscor Porcus.
Querelis meis resonant saxa
Rupes, quercus, ulnus, taxa ;
Sæpius et imago vocis
Ita me illudit jocis.
O Rus quando te relinquam ?
Sic mecum—Echo—quando, inquam!

Agendum rure quid ? declara—
Respondet Echo statim—ara—
Sepulti rure pereamus ?
Echo reverberat—eamus—
Urbs profert gaudia non invito—
Urbs, audi ! ah ! strepit Echo, ito—
Multis abundat Urbs divitiis :—
Percellit aures Echo—vitiis—
Non Musæ cultæ sunt Bristolide ?
Indignans Echo refert, Olidæ—
Repeto, aît Echo, stolidæ.—

Me quid agatur Urbe nostrâ
Fac certiorem, non ut plaustra
Cives enecent, ut solent,
Nec Hydrolapatha, nam olent.
Nil quæro de Brandoni Monte
Cliftoni rupibus et fonte—
Quâ undâ volvitur opacâ
Avonia, urbis ut Cloaca;
Quot mulieres aquas avidè
Adeunt, quo fiant gravidæ :
Quot Pugsleianum puteum lippæ—
Qui utinam esset Aganippe,

Ut biberent cives largos haustus
Scientiæ, quos bibebat Faustus;
Ut cives ibi loti oculos
Magis musas, minus loculos
Curarent, nostraque Bæotia
Jactaret literaria otia.

Imprimis Magistratûs grandum
Depinge: dormiunt, edunt, ad um-
-brosas Villas Aldermanni
Urbisque rex unius anni
Bigis quadrigis equitantes
Vehunter indies, nil curantes
Quibus injuriis lædatur
Pax civitatis noctu, satur
Modò sit venter, modò plena
Sua cuique sit Crumena?
Impunè fures dum prædantur,
Gas et gaster dominantur.
Sol abiit—insanientis
Vulgi, furantis et furentis
Incipit ardor, fluctuat motus
Horridus; cantat nunc illotus
O pifex fœda; Fur, lenoque,

Latro, trifur Lavernioque
Conturbant omnia—jam dies
Vix abiit—en ! quæ noctu Quies,
Franguntur Januæ, domus muri,—
—Intrant—aperta omnia furi ;
Felix si dormis inscius lecto,
Si vigilas, surreptum tecto
Plumbum, scloppus Grassatoris
Per tempora tua mittit foris,
Faucesque exclamantis oris.—
Fòrs, apprehenditur Sicarius ;
En, ubi nunc Justiciarius ?
I, pete, at ille pinguis Homo
Securus omnium magna in domo
Nunc longè stertit suo rure
Sine lege, prece, jure,—
Acrius, quàm Vacca mugit—
Dum territa Pax urbem fugit.

Sunt nunc dierum Aldermanni
Qui frontem frangunt Prisciani,
Lapicidæ, Coriarii
Pelliones et Ærarii ?
An doctrinæ eousque

Pervenerunt ut (damusque
Vicissim veniam petimusque)
Hæc didicerint præcepta
Grammatica et non inepta,
" Fungor fruor utor vescor"*
" Dignor muto," (res et est cor
di) " communico supersedeo"
O ne plus ultra eant, medio
Tutissimi; Fabellam lepidam
Tu dic, " ne sutor ultra crepidam."—
Susurrant, illos dum pancraticè
Pungas, furere lymphaticè;
Cave ne domiti magnates
Quassas† mox reficiant rates
Indociles pauperiem pati,
Homines industriâ sati;
Forsan industriâ et virtute,
Insignia scuti si cornutè

* Fungor Fruor Utor, &c.—*Vide Latin Grammar.*

† Mox reficit rates
Quassas indocilis pauperiem pati.—*Hor.*

To renew rates—a good motto for an Overseer—probably the Author alludes to the arms of the city, a ship entering the port, as he quotes the city motto below—" Virtute et Industria."

Legimus; de hoc musæ mutæ—
Duabus matribus et nullus
Creditur enasci pullus.
Non, etiamsi rara avis—
Matrem accipe quam mavis.
Sed quod me attinet, aras juro,
Vincis an vinceris, nihil curo,
Quod taxant solvo; nequiori
Etiam Diabolo Creditori.

Quibus honoribus scriptorem
(An doctos negligunt ad morem?)
Rerum gestarum civitatis
Ornarint præmiis dignitatis?
An memores sunt adhuc vetulæ
Nates percutientis betulæ
Braccis persæpe læsi passis,
Ingenium quòd instar assis
Non capiebat pensa Classis?
Iniquum! dari verbera nati,
Quæ cerebellum debet pati.
An beneficia nepotibus
Danda pro puellarum dotibus?
Aldermannorum perurbanis

Faucibus Garagantuanis*
Ecclesiæ fructus devorandi?
Dentes turribus purgandi?
—Turpe! cedendum est Bristolii,
Fæcibus saccharini dolii.
Annulos spernit sus gemmatos;
Hæc seges peperit ingratos.

Totus Marmoreus stat Bengous
Togatus, satraps ut Eous
Chantræi positus scalpello
Magni, prætorio in sacello?
Imperitabat civitati
Quasi muscipulæ suæ, pati
Heu tot indigna, civis nati!
Seditne sellâ ut Senator
Curuli, Urbis ut Fundator,
Pater Patriæ, Procurator?
Phrenologiæ grande signum,
Occipiti si parcat tignum—
In lucem proferas collecta
Elogia manibus perfecta

* *See Note A. at the end of the Volume.*

Aldermannorum et Prætoris—
Sunt digna Angelorum choris
Quæ offerantur, manu ipsius
Bengoi (æmula vel illius
Epitaphii Bionis)
Typis pulchræ editionis
Magnâ cum approbatione
Animæ pro salvatione ?
An Scriba quis Bristoliensis
Mercenarius, impensis
Defuncti, liberalioris,
In funera Procuratoris,
Mendax conseruit Epitaphium,
Quod respuat etiam vile Scaphium.

Cujus disciplinæ censes
Philosophos Bristolienses ?
Egomet vidi sodalitii
Totum agmen, ædificii
Fundamenta posituros
Urbis obambulare muros,
Caudâ veluti verrentes
Totam urbem, civium mentes
Longitudine metientes,

Cum plausu facientis iter;
Sic Sartor Stultzius metitur
Coxendices exquisitorum
Adolescentium—notat lorum
Sectum membraneum mensuram,
Forficis plaudente sono,
Priusquam fundamento bono
Ausus sit sarcinatoriam
Artis suæ ponere gloriam.—
Vidi manibus, quadratum
Ferentes lapidem pulvinatum,
Ut ipsissimum probatum
Philosophicum, divinæ
Pro specimine Doctrinæ.
Prior ibat Reverendissimus
Decanus Vir, quem verè dicimus
Philosophum, cui non de Minutis
Comes ibat aliæ cutis
Illius anni Prætor Frippus,
(Vulgò appellabatur Dippus)
Altior capite ceu cippus,
Ornatu videbatur togæ
Comiti quasi Paragoge;
Etsi Prætor gerebat sese

Minus nitide, magis *græce;*
Operis faustum omen, numen,
Illuminatorum lumen.
At non, si mihi linguæ centum,
Oceanus foret atramentum,
Pennæ Calami Anserini
Mille machinis Perkini
Vi vaporiâ moverentur
Secundum artem indesinenter,
Possem dicere quot et quanti
Ibant Docti Dilettanti,
Homines non numerandi,
Multo potius ponderandi.
At percunctanti scholam illorum,
Processionem ambulatorum
Per vias vicos si vidisses,
Peripateticos dixisses.
Sin indefatigatos rei
Magnitudine, diei
Absumptâ maximâ parte, dentibus
Vacuis, impransisque ventribus,
Et congementibus budellis
Abjectis acrius vitellis
De absentibus patellis;

O digni Carminis Heroici
Clamàsses, Hi sunt vere Stoici !
Mutatis antem jam mutandis,
Paratis omnibus epulandis,
Hos si vidisses epulari
Plate on-ice deipnosophari,
Apertis faucibus nihil fari,
Evanescere tot et tanta,
Tosta frixa jurulenta,
Et pocula quot non continentur
Totis vinariis, quasi venter
Hominum esset exors fundi,
Orbisque comedendus mundi ;
Quasi Natura excepisset
Omnes lautè, et invenisset
Ars commodissima Naturæ
Antliam Stomachicam ; jurè
Tum credidisses juvenes, canos,
Omnes cleros et profanos
Veros Epicureianos.
At non dicatur quosdam horum
Circæis poculis animorum
Tentâsse transmigrationem
Sues per occasionem,

Meruisseque ferinam
Pythagoream disciplinam.

Philosphi quid agunt dignum
Tantæ molis? quodvis lignum
Non fit Mercurius, nec orti
Philosophi velut caules Horti.
Quid agunt? docent mirabilia,
Quæ non sint, et quæ sint fusilia,
Metallorum quid mutatio—
Galvanica quid titillatio—
Humphrei Davii scintillatio?
Quo lactes terræ stercore plenæ,
Apud Bucklandium, sint Hyænæ.
—Perkini æstuans ut Urina
Possit fieri Ruina
Totius Mundi,—O, nunquam eat
Mictum, mingere nunquam queat.
Quid agunt? miscent aquam? prestò
Sit rubra, rubra est manifestò,
Cærula, nigra; reditura
Jam sit in puram—aqua est pura—
Haud aliter Agyrta Magus
Peripateticus vel vagus

Edit legibus Hoci Poci
Præstigias, miracula, joci
Plebs inscia inhiante ore
Vertunt asinorum more
Acies oculorum fuscas,
Faucibus et captant muscas.

Dicunt fuisse narratorem
Doctum peregrinatorem
Lepidissimum Vicarium;
Normandiæ Itinerarium
Legisse, tantâ suavitate
Verborum copiâ, gravitate,
Videretur ut Normandia,
Insulâ venustior Candiâ;
Normandiam crederes (teneas risum)
Saltem *Edeni Paradisum.*
O, si fuisset tantus rivus
Eloquentiæ! quando vivus
Erat Patronus suus Divus
Nicholas, quum marinis turdis
Piscibus prædicaret surdis!
Qui maris fulgidi lavacris,
Malebant ludere cum sacris,

Malebant aureis squamis gliscere,
Quàm sanctum Catechismum discere,
Caudis pinnisque dabant planctum
Irridentes Nicholam sanctum;
Squamosi scelerati Rhombi
Ceti, Balenæ, Thynni, Scombri,
Pristes, Cupreæ Delphini,
Aselli, Passeres, Echini.
Tum Protea exclamantem, "Doce,"
Suæ secutæ essent Phocæ
Tum* Wordsworthius, si vixisset,
Cornu Tritonis audivisset.
O Philosophorum genus!
Quibus vera Virtus, Venus;
Nares quorum emunctiores
Scientiæ emittunt rores;
Animæ grandes! quêis natura
Dat, dedit, usque est datura
Scire tot tantaque secreta,
Dum nos moramur Alphabetà.—

Rem prosperè gerunt Histriones
Artis Magistri, an tirones?

* Vide Sonnet by Wordsworth, in English notes.

Quanto melius foret, pulchro
Carere mortuum sepulchro,
Quàm in vivis histrioni
Esse ludibrio capitoni—
Cuique pro dignitate tuâ
Tribuatis, non pro suâ:
Monet Shakespearius—personas
Sustinent Histriones bonas?
Vitia cohibent quasi frænis?
Veram exprimunt in scenis
Virtutis speciem et formam?
Quæ suavis ad Platonis normam
Magnos amores excitaret,
Ante oculos si staret:
Immemores an dignitatis
Monstris gaudent illaudatis
Feris, caballis et homunculis,
Cantilenis Cantiunculis?
Juvant varia tintinnabula
Magis quam Shakespearii Fabula?
Plauduntur nunc, an simulata
Pietas grande nefas rata
Omne gaudium, corrugit
Nasum, prohibensque mugit,
Congregans convocationes

(Ut devoveant Histriones)
Ad preces, cænas, cyathos Theæ?
O mysteria Bonæ Deæ!
O stultum genus, O, Familiæ
Hypocriticæ Quisquiliæ!

Macadameĭa domus jactis
Lapidibus augetur, factis
Hominibus ad ungem suis?
Sic post ruinam æquoreæ luis
Deucalion numeravit olim
Ex lapidatione prolem.
O fortunatum! qui ita faxis,
Ut aurum vel elicias saxis:
Omnem lapidem moverem,
Si tecum loculos implerem.

Quid Mercurius? plumbeis alis
Editor Hebdomodalis;
Laborat usque (Radicalis;
Dum strepit extra nidum pipulus)
Verus Prototypi discipulus
Cujus caduciferi perna
Agebat miseros ad inferna.

Quæ circumvolitat agilis thyma
Eltonus noster, an opima
Spolia Musis ad altaria
Suspendit Græca Exemplaria ?
An,* (par Poetarum rarò
Visum !) Claro clarior Claro
Cum suavissimo vagatur
Et quæ tam benè sentiat fatur ?
Sapit, ludit, joculatur ?
Beati, quibus ludere datur !
Quodcunque facit, quam amari
Dignus, (amicitia chari
Capitis ingenium clamet,)
Me semper, ut amatur, amet.
An certum est, nam Fama meum
Jam nunc contristat animum, eum
Aiens Bruxellas petiisse,
Ανδρα πολυτροπον, Ulysse
Etiam errabundiorem,
Portare amabilem uxorem,
Infantulum, cum filiabus
Pulcherrimis, quæ sunt Deabus

* Vide Epistle to Clare, London Magazine for Aug. 1824.

(Homericâ si utar phrasi)
Simillimæ, ὡς εοικασι—
Ipsis sint Horis comparatæ
Quibus cæli januæ datæ.
Eltonum videor videre,
Ut solet, suaviter ridere,
Lætantem, et lætificantem
Omnem famillian comitantem,
Essedo Belgico vectari
Poetices Appollinari
Igne Bruxellas lustraturum,
Belgicos illuminaturum.—
Sic Phœbus pingitur Guidone
Vectus quadrijugo temone
Spargens lumen ex habenis,
Spumantibus ignemque frænis
Equorum ungulis suis bellas
Noctis excutientium stellas
Lucem laturus nubilis oris
Pulchris comitantibus Horis.

Quid Rippingillius, pingit, pangit,
Movet risum, corda tangit?
An Rippvanwinklius dormitat

Alter, laboresque vitat
Lecto stratus, conniventis
Dum micant oculi dormientis ?
Quasi Genius vigil intus
Nolens fieri extinctus
Percurrat castra cerebelli
Suscitans ignes, signa belli,
Turmasque, imaginum examen
Quæ punctiunculis ad certamen
Subitum excitant vel lyræ
Vel penicilli—artis miræ
Utriusque magico ictu
Educti domiciliis, nictu
Plurimo pedum saltant Grylli
Salutationes illi—
O Lyræ vis et Penicilli !

Alterius si dicam ore,
"*Anchè io son' pittore."—
Nil valeo, etsi meo rure,
Ignorantiæ forsan jure,
Miraculo habeor, Il Divino
Raphael vel Dominichino ;

* I also am a Painter.

Quòd possum pingere pravum nasum,
Ursum et Rusticum irrasum.
Ignarus inter stultos pinxit—
Inter cæcos strabo lynx sit.
Quicunque pingunt (modò bene)
Illis semper sint crumenæ
Plenæ, placens uxor, mundus
Victus, domus atque fundus;
Quodcunque denique nutrix suo
Voveat alumno—nuo—
Fortuna det—nunc patienter
Audiant pauca quæ dicentur;
Nec ægrè monitum Pictores
Ferant; veterum labores
Operum modò non adorent;
Patres artium honorent.
Scholam colant Italorum,
Laudent parcius Batavorum.
Qui parùm studiosi morum
Abjectissimis rebus gaudent,
Vel obsceniora audent—
At quem non Bothius delectat?
Berghemius, Cuypus? et qui spectat
Vanderveldtii navale

Opus, sentit æquoris sale
Saluberrimas auras flantes,
Motusque fluctuum undulantes.
Rembrandtius umbris et colore
Cor implet magico terrore.
Reubentius, grandis et sublimis,
—At sapit Batavorum nimis—
Delector et hilaritate
Tenieri, et puritate
Penicilli mirâ, amoti
Quum sint obsceni, ebrii, poti.
—At Hemskirkii titubantes,
Spurcos, ebrios, ructitantes,
Jurgia, rixasque lethales,
Mores verè bestiales
Odi; et, plùs quàm dicere fas,
Doweii urinale vas;
Ut odit etiam Papamictam
Diabolus aquam benedictam.

Et quêis pingenda sunt ruralia,
Abhorreant indignis, qualia
Morlandus luti sus, porcinus
Pinxit, colant quæ Poussinus

Uterque, Claudius, et Salvator
Olim (semper sit amator
Pictor omnis Honestatis
Decori denique Venustatis.)
Petant sylvas, campos molles
Et Leighi scopulosos colles,
Petant valles, petant montes,
Saxisque decurrentes fontes;
Naturamque per latebrosos
Sequantur amnes fabulosos,
Et cogant vix obedientem
Arti servire. Sit Natura
Serva non Domina prædura.
Ingenium Hominis est Ars
Donum Dei, bruta pars
Mundi fabricæ Natura;
Humanæ Mentis res Pictura.—

Neu plebi liceat vulgari,
Per pictos campos spatiari;
Deducat Pictor in tabellas
Ætatis aureæ fabellas
Sancta quas tradidit Poesis
Vatibus antiquis Græcis;

Inferat Lamias, Satyros, Nymphas
Circà salientes Lymphas,
Quasi in possessiones
Suas, amænas regiones—
Legat margine seposto
Fluminis stratus, Ariosto
Quæ scripsit calamo currente,
Perquàm splendide mentiente,
Amores, latebras sylvestres,
Discursiones et equestres.
Vel sublimia sint tentanda,
Sacra pagina trectanda—
Pingat omnia miranda—
—Lot abientem, vim flagrantem
Diluvii, campumque flammantem—
—Ægyptiacæ terræ diram
Missam Omnipotentis iram—
—Crassam caliginem, cruentis
Terram rubidam fluentis—
—Peccatores in fissuris
Latentes miseros telluris,
Donec Ira Dei mundum
Quatiet metu tremebundum.

Palmam qui benè meruit ferat—
Apud Bristolienses erat
Danbeius parcè muneratus,
Quòd magnos ausus est conatus ?—
Sumat superbiam quæsitam
Meritis tandem—degat vitam
Laude, præmiis munitam.

Floreat Bristoliensis
Schola, animas Londinensis
Vix ipsa tulit grandiores ;
Servavit autem ditiores.
Laurentius Eques, Vir conspectus
Academiæ Præfectus
Regiæ, Turnerus rari
Ingenii, Birdius (tam chari
Capitis quis desiderio
Sit modus, Cives, oro, seriò
Ad auxilium veniatis,
Res lapsas domûs erigatis—)
Bayleius Sculptor, nec secundus
Ulli, quem quivis moribundus
Prætor vel Aldermannus spectet,
Quem Mors ad Monumentum sectet,

Erant hi cuncti nostræ Scholæ,—
Bristolia, delectaris prole?
Quos habes, retine—venale
Opus, Pictura, sunt mortale
Genus Pietores, dedit dentes
Natura eadem quæ mentes.

Est Rippingillius, omnium unus
Qui celebravit nostri funus,
Canyngi Mæcenatis; Dives,
En, honorantur boni cives,
Sis largus, et memoriâ vives.
Tabula est apud Acramannum;
Cur non dicamus Aldermannum—
Sunt Jack et John uterque Sonus,
Similes arte, nomine, bonus
Urteque; Holmii sunt duo
Pater filiusque, suo
Ingenio gaudeat uterque.
Branwhitius est, O ter quaterque
Beati Cives! qui depicti
Arte manus peritissimæ
Vel imagines ipsissimæ
Posteritati grandiora
Tradere possitis ora

Picturæ nunc instituatis,
Cives, certamen, præmiis datis
Quotannis; civica ornetis
Ædificia, Pictura
Publica prodeatque cura.
Nil desperandum omnes clamant;
Sunt qui liberales amant
Artes, Miles, qui te duce
Donabunt, diligent effusè:
Est tibi Mens, Fortuna ridet—
Domus splendidior renidet,
Ingenium quò nativum nitet.

Conveniunt apud Rubum* Ursi
In amicitiam reversi?
Ruptisne vinculis sunt digni
Verberibus herilis ligni?
Ubi Arctophylax, qui moris
Sit studiosus melioris
Capistraque resolvat oris?
Vidi Compotationem
Veram constellationem,
Optimis erant, unusquisque,
Geniis ingeniisque

* The Bears Club, held at the Bush

Voces quorum "Vox Stellarum;"
Nunc fòrs illecebris doctarum
Mulierum seducuntur, (quarum
Non una quidem est Aspasia
Cui vera des Doctrinæ basia)
Captique minurizant, claudunt
Religiosè oculos, plaudunt
Ineptias clamantes "ohe
Jam satis est" bibuntque Bohea,
Suctu-bibuli scolopaces,
Tipulæ, Nycticoraces,
Cæci Vespertiliones,
Stultitiæ obsonatores!
Heus tu, Arctophylax, flagellum
Concute circa cerebellum.
Totum turbetur columbarium,
Relictum repetant Ursarium.
Majores Ursos ne tu sinas
Anus fieri Ursulinas—
Ursorum o delicta ilia!
Nunc bibunt, edunt rerum vilia.
Memini quidem! quot conchylia,
Perdices, Anates, querquedulas
Gallopavones et monedulas

Comedebant, quot liquoris
Pocula bibebant, roris
Digni Angelorum choris
Punch dicti a *Rum-Punchione*
*Dram*matico an Homuncione
Ejusdam nominis—"fuit-fuit
Ilium"—Gloria mundi ruit.
—Erant hæc, regnante Notto
Omnis Doctrinæ Polyglotto,
Doctore, non facetior ullus,
Testes Horatius, et Tibullus,
Iöannes et Secundus,
(Autor quidem minime mundus—)
Aquæ Potoribus aversus
(Non hilarior erat Ursus.)
" Aquarius contristat annum;"
Dicere solebat, " mannum
" Habeat suum quisque, meæ
" Non sint potationes Theæ."
Haberet odiis impensè
Totum imperium Sinense,
Roderet maledicto longo,
Theas omnes, Peko, Congo,
Adversùs Bohea, Souchong, Hyson,

Irrueret ut cornutus Bison:
Vix amatoria placuit ei
Ob nomen Musa Vatis Teii.
—Tunc erant noctes! erant cænæ
Dulces jucundæ peramœnæ,
Facundia, discursus mellei,
Noctes Atticæ Auli Gellii
Queîs minimè essent comparandæ.
Jam Vale, Doctor, peramande,
Edisti satis et bibisti,
Nec, optime, si quid lusisti,
Delebit ætas, donec gnavis
Persicus legetur Hafiz.
—Vale dulcissime, diurna
"Omnium versatur Urna"*
Mors metit omnes nos inermes,
Ventrosos, cucumes et vermes.
Quodcunque nos jactemus, sumus
Cinis, pulvis, umbra, fumus;
Hunc et relinquemus mundum:
Ait Horatius est eundum

* *Omnium versatur Urna.*
Anglice—We must all go to Pot.

"Numa quò devenit et Ancus"—
Ibi confectus annis, mancus
Rejectâ renascetur spumâ,
Vestitus meliore plumâ;
Quod vix sperabant Ancus, Numa.

Parum comiter se gessit
Ricardus Vaunus Eques? cessit
Comitas, cessit et humanitas,
Et, cujus index os, urbanitas?
Male tractavit saltatrices?
Quid si essent Meretrices!
Proh pudor! mallem fieri Faunus
Rusticus, quam Ricardus Vaunus,
Eques, dives, Aldermaunus.
Hirsutus mallem fieri Pan
Semivir ipse Caliban,
Et saltavisse Saraban.
Tibi mitis est ocellus,
Benigna frons—es homo bellus—
Te indicat jucunditas oris
Lubrica moris melioris,
Ricarde; ne tu fias macer,
Quod in te fuerit Censor acer,

Mœrendo nunquam nitida illa
Pinguis caro sit favilla.—

Comitia proxima, quid ferent?
Senatores bene merent?
Populo est in ore DAVIS,
Laudari dignus, Rara-Avis?
Quid Virtus, mens, ingenium potuit,
Fecit, optimus innotuit.
—Quid si locupletiores
Sint alii! tumens aureus hydrops
Est magnas inter opes inops.
Ni gustem mel, quid mi cum favis!
Nil curo Dives sis—sed DAVIS.
Ego sum qui quondam; gaude
Suffragiis plenis sine fraude,
Maxime miror Ciceronis,
"Fraus Vulpeculæ* Vis Leonis."
Et ego Catulus ex bonis.—
Nec immemor sim Senatoris
Alterius, etsi coloris

* *Fraus Vulpeculæ.*

Perhaps the author alludes to the Fox Club, though we do not exactly know his meaning. So the Leonis may have an allusion to the White Lion.—EDITOR.

Fuerit paulùm displicentis;
Plausu populi faventis
Gaudeat, tentet magnos nisus,
Fortis strenuusque visus.

Stat ubi stetit Bibliotheca
Bristoliensis, an ut cæca
Talpa tacitum Doctrina
Repit iter ex fodinâ
Obscuriore, mox ad solem
Magnam congestura molem?
Quocunque sit struenda plano
Augustior ædificio nano
Sit illo Patii Patipano.*
Nec, quod Telonio Londinensi
Accidit, sit indefensi
Sed conjunctioris saxi,
Firmior ipso Cotopaxi.
Floreat, ædificetur,
Et semper† *Pace* conservetur.
Quotannis ferunt patienter

* *Ædificio Patii Patipano.*

The Merchants' Hall—ædificated by Paty, somewhat in the shape of a Pattipan, as emblematical of the use for which it was intended.

† Probably a Pun upon Mr. Peace, the Librarian.—Editor.

Conquerentum quam dementer
Quem vix dicamus Georgium Sidus?
An jam modestiorem nidus
Suus illum continet domi
Antidotum lætitiis Momi?
Naturâ mitis, mallem cuti
Parcere, quàm flagellis uti;
Sed si quem tristem et acerbum
Cernam, acescit omne verbum,
Fit acrius, perinde ac
Si sit coagulatum lac.

Odi tanquam pestem Mundi
Omnem vocem queribundi,
Querimonias sociales,
Præsertim matrimoniales,
Rixas, judicia, burglarias;
Lites, etiam Cancellarias;
Odi Wiggos, Radicales,
Bullas et pontificales,
Disputationes Cleri
Pugnantis de Naturâ veri;
Odi latrantes Laterani
Canes, Canonesque Fani,

Anathemata blateronis
Babellaria Babylonis.
Potius sequar compos mentis
Vitæ semitam fallentis
Sit, cum non sim Præadamita,
Macadamizata Vita.
Adempto ut periculo lapsûs
Expeditè eat capsus,
Non per desertam quamvis vallem,
Sed quem familiares callem
Delectent pedibus calcare,
Loquaciter obambulare.
Ut discam microcosmo tutus
Meo, penè regios nutus
Magnatum, mundi curas, jocos,
Et quos fortuna velut trochos
Usque verberet flagello,
Quo sedeat Vanitas asello,
Monstranda digitis—sit flere
Fas aliis,—mihi sat ridere.—
Omnibus aliis ne sim gravis,
Mihi præciquèque suavis,
Placidus, æquus, Aristippus
Denique, neque lynx nec lippus.—

Societas Mendicitatis
Scrutatur adhunc civitatis
Angiportus, vias, vicos,
Fugans miseros mendicos?
Sic a viverrâ stat Rattopolis
Suis devastata populis.
Quàm miser es, qui omnium eges!
Necessitas non habet leges.
Malè festinat ligneum crus—
Volat Pistrinarius.
O sanctum Libertatis jus!
Nominati apte satis,
Societas Mendicitatis:
Omnes vere digni dici
Mendicissimi mendici!!
Discurrunt undique,—cogenda
Pecunia, tot sunt emenda,
Encombomata, cunabula,
Disci, patinæ, acetabula,
Stragulæ pro puerperiis,
Omnigenisque pro miseriis
Pro miseriis non dicendis,
Inventis non inveniendis;
Pro miseriis Germanorum,

Pro miseriis Polonorum
Miseriis omnibus terrenis,
Nullibi, nostris, alienis;
Pro miseriis animarum
Omnium Ecclesiarum.
Pro piorum diverticulis
Ædificandis conventiculis;
Heterodoxâ cantione,
Et vili Bethel-Unione.
Itinerantes Prædicatores,
Clerici Præstigiatores,
Huc illuc cursitant; quasi Numen
Non ullis aliis dederit lumen;
Præfigunt postibus et muris
Et foribus programmata juris
Divini, quo sunt constituti,
Religione, ut volunt, uti.
Docentes odio haberi
Vocem Parochialis Cleri.—
Colligit fructus operosa
Gens Bibliolaboriosa
E charitatis sancto sacro
Agello, minime quidem macro.
Ituræ missiones litæ

Usque barbaras Otaheite!
Dum parentalis, filialis
Charitas, ipsa naturalis
Domi charitas sopita
Stertit, frigidus Eremita:
Insaniunt omnes, ut amico
Si cui occurras quovis vico—
—Salutas-incipit Diatribe—
Extrahit chartam "Heus subscribe!"
Negas—"Heus subscribe" inquit,
Arripit neque te relinquit
"Fugeres?" ait, "nondum ibis"—
—Tandem vinceris et—subscribis—
Optimum foret, si basilicum
Haberes nomen quod grandiloquum
Præfigeretur, ut ducale
Vel quod Nugentius, baronale;
Parceres nummis—thure calet
Tantumque grande nomen valet!

Felix, quî fit ut nemo mores
Laudet infeliciores
Primorum, qui totius mundi
Quasi Domini injucundi

Essent, gerunt se in Urbe
Arroganter et superbè ?
Ut, qui condiscipuli erant
Mecum, altiora ferant
Capita, dedignantes oculos
Vertere, tractantes loculos,
Demissis manibus in braccas,
Amore quo bubulcus vaccas.
Iis, qui me nolunt compellare
Licet posteriora dare ;
Quos æstimo ne quidem nucis,
Nec præsegminis hallucis.
Non video quid sint majus illi,
Non melioris sunt sigilli,
Non humaniore limo
(Nec nos e turpiore fimo)
Non docti, non e magnis nati.
Quid tum !—benè sunt nummati,
Paleæ sunt ejusdem stipulæ,
Mures ejusdem sunt muscipulæ :
Benè-uncti congregantur,
Alter alterum odorantur,
Sic scrutantur oppidani
Canes occurrentes cani

Secreta benè uncti ani.
O Fastum! O imperiosam
Auri famem, odiosam!
O Ignorantiam bestialem
Stultitiam occipitalem!
O, si Crania crassa ista
Spurtzheimius Craniologista
Benè benè colophizaret,
Omnes tuberes æquaret,
Tum nebulones hi fastosi
Stolidi, fatui, moròsi
Fierent pepones bulbosi.

Pugillarius viget iste
Ludus, ubi sunt So-fistæ?
Utinam quispiam oriretur
Quo stabulum nostrum purgaretur,
Hercules alter, pugni trucis,
Dignus pollice Pollucis,
Tunc forsitan laudarem artem
Cauponantium istum Martem.

O Bristolia, dives lautis
Civibus, callidis et cautis!

Dives navibus et nautis!
Dives Poetis non nutritis—
Pictoribus—tibi vix vestitis.
Quæ Chattertonum genuisti,
—Famelicum deseruisti!
Quæ vix uberibus nutristi
Southæum ipsum, et depulisti
Infantulum animosum, extra
Limen, mox rapturum dextrâ
Merente facilique adultum
Lauros, regalemque cultem.
Tui utinam primores
Essent munificentiores!
At quando, (longum absit dies)
Southæe, mortuus, umbra fies
Carus, honoratusque cinis
Operibusque scripseris—Finis—
Bristolienses tui, (qui il—
—lactenus quid fecere?—Nihil:)
Omnes te laudabunt cives
Omnibus memoriâ vives—
Et egomet post annos centum
Pierias aquas cujus mentum

Tetigit, cujus et proboscis
Apollinei pars est ossis,
Latini quamvis obserratis
Auribus clamo ore vatis,
Morte victus cum occiderim,
Et forsan cum Savagio* diderim
Tumulum inhonoratum!
—Inserar ipse Albo vatum.
Non pascam "tineas inertes!"
Fugiam oblivionis syrtes.—
Libellus ero, notus scholis
Intitulatus a bibliopolis
"Elegantiæ Latinæ
"Bilinguis specimen doctrinæ,
"Manu scriptæ Bristoliensis
"Cujusdam ignoti, jam impensis
"Civium hæc nitidissima
"Edito nova quinquagessima,
"Curante (neque plura rogo)
"Goodenuffio Pædagogo,
"Classici Gymnasiarcâ

* Savage, the Poet, died in St. Peter's Hospital, a pauper, and lies buried in St. Peter's Church-yard.

" Ludi Bristoliensis—parcâ
" Mercede pueros alendos
" Admittit, letteras et docendos
" Humaniores, (quæ probatæ
" Utraque Universitate)
" Ab elementis A B C
" Lucius Good - - - - ff D.D."
Mundus pumice Nortoni
Cujusvis, Corporationi
A civibus donum præsentabor,
Civili arcâ tum dignabor.
At nunc—me facientem versus
Fugerunt, fugiunt, fugient rursus,
Quasi essem, Sus vel Ursus.

Sic dum feles ad fenestras
Caterwallizantes vestras,
Quos amabilis insania
Ludit canere miaulania,
Edunt chromaticum enarrabile
Epithalamium, amabile
Carmen, perquam-variabile,
Maledictis irascimini

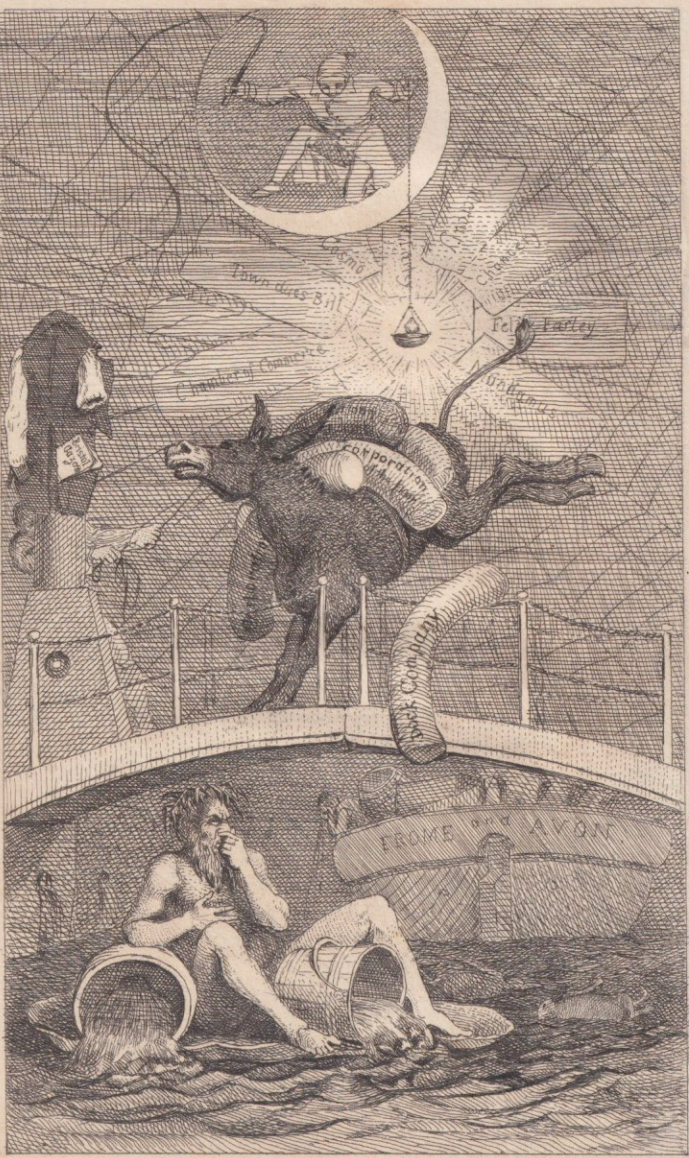
Saxis, fustibus persequimini,—
Sed illis felibus defunctis
Visceribus exsectis cunctis,
Lactes eæ, quæ dederint sonos
Quos judicâstis minimè bonos,
Relinquunt veterem Abonam*—
Mittunter aridæ Cremonam,
Nervi fiunt, et aptantur.
Fidiculis et reportantur.
Tunc omnes qui spernebant ante
Musici fiunt Delettanti,
Extatici plaudunt tonos, planè
Quasi cantaret Catalani.

Jam vale, FELIX, sis felicior,
Si possis, etiam animi ditior,
Crumenâ, nummis, re divitior.
At si productior sim quam velis,
Defendor Juvenalis telis,
Furor est (etsi careas arte)
Perituræ parcere chartæ.

* *Veterem Abonam*, the antient name of BRISTOL.

Jam sat Farraginis meæ, monet
Franciscanus, ne coronet
(Si parcius attingatur scopus)
Non Finis, potius Funis, opus.

STATNOMINISUMBRA.



Published by J. M. GUTCH, 15, Small Street, Bristol.

TRANSLATION.

Orator Prologue first steps forth,
To tell you of the Author's worth.

FELIX, *my Muse has long by some mishap lain-*
In of these rhymes all elegant and rare, are
Fit at May'rs feasts to be sung by the Chaplain,
Or the Sword-bearer.

SOUTHEY, *Bristolian, Laureat, Sapphic,*
Both you and I are brothers of Parnassus,
You sing of Kings in honor typographic,
I of molassus.

Friend FELIX, you that can divine
(Pray read the note for Virgil's line)*
The hidden causes and the springs
By which are mov'd the puppet-strings

* Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

Of kingdom, state and common-wealth,
I send you by these presents health,
Greeting, or what the usual phrase is,
In this, or in politer places;
For how should I in terms be nice,
And skill'd in chit-chat artifice,
Who live unpolish'd on the moors,
Surrounded by a set of boors?
Better to dwell midst town cabals,
Than gabble silly pastorals
To clowns, that laugh at us or hate us,
And act the frigid Cincinnatus.
Give me the purple, lawn, and mitre,
And trust me but my prospect's brighter;
Trust me, a shepherd with a crosier
Is better than with crook of osier.

To read the lying Poet's tales,
You'd swear Apollo wore hob-nails,
The Muses carried milking-pails:
Their verses stuff'd with beeve and boar,
Sweat fat and lard at every pore,
And every line I find a bore.
Can he, whose talk is of the ox,
Have understanding orthodox?
So says the Psalmist; mark the line
With some respect not due to mine.

Dig, dig, is here the constant cry;
'Tis "*infra dig.*"—so dig not I;—
I shall to earth, quite soon enough.
I cannot praise the wretched stuff
Ascrib'd to Horace,* *vide* Smart:
"Happy the man who his own cart,
"With his own cattle drives a field,
"Nor cares what stocks or mortgage yield."
'Tis trash, which Horace never wrote,
Some pedagogue of little note,
Just when his brains began to doat,
Smuggled it in a new edition.
The ode deserves entire excision:
For Horace mostly liv'd at Rome,
And lov'd to see his friends "at home."

I too had friends, but that was when
I liv'd among the haunts of men;
Just like what Horace says of his,
That make this earth a paradise;
Wits' choicest flowerets in a knot
And every year's "Forget me not"—
—What days—and oh! what nights were ours,
All sparkling, till the little hours
Left sober evening far behind,

* Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c.

And found us all of Milton's mind ;
" 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,"
Therefore we never let it in.
You would have wonder'd at our wit,
How mortals could have come by it.
Now for these joys in vain I sigh,
My wings are cut, I cannot fly.
So some poor ghost on bank of Styx,
Whom Rhadamanthus interdicts,
Without his passport turns his vision
Dejected to the fields Elysian.
So Gallic squadrons chill and freezy
Stiffen'd at thoughts of Champs Elysées.
So some poor spouse or ardent lover
Stands sighing on the heights of Dover,
When adverse winds or fortune's malice
Detains his better half at Calais.
So, Bristol citizens, you've seen
Her Gracious Majesty the Queen,
Your draw-bridge up, by Cardiff smack
Cut off from St. Augustine's back ;
While the stirr'd stench in vapour rose
And Charlotte snuff'd her royal nose ;
And Colonel Baillie stood aghast,
" The Queen has not yet broke her fast !"
To see that horrid Cardiff mast
Stuck in the chains of that machine

Of Styx, that guards with pool unclean
Th' Elysian fields of College Green.
—'Tis Virgil's simile (the Stygian)
Who wrote the History of the Phrygian;
The rest are mine, I'll not forego
The claim, because they're apropos.

By aged thorn, by rock or stream
Should I repose, I sleep, I dream—
With busy step I seem to range
Your bustling Quays, your full Exchange;
Involv'd in smoke I view surpris'd
Your sloppy streets Macadamis'd;
But when at length I seem to meet
Some dear old crony in the street,
I seize his hand, cry "ah! my friend!"
My dream and salutation end.
So Orpheus lost again his wife
Just on the very verge of life;
My lost Eurydice, cried he,
And Echo mock'd—*you're rid I see*—
Thus waken'd by some hideous din,
I see coarse bumkins round me grin.
Thus to the hills, the vales, the rocks
I pour complaints;—thus Echo mocks.—
Shall I and these vile bumkins sever?
Says Echo;—*These vile bumkins ever.*

What's to be done here,—is it sow!
Or plough?—quoth Echo, *is it so!*
What Poets feign of innocence
Is't here?—quoth Echo, *in no sense.*
I'm lonely here, to matrimony
I'll fly,—quoth Echo,—*matter o'money*—
If 'gainst the ills that all presage
In marriage—Echo—*marry age*—
My mind I could but fortify,
I am—quoth she,—*but forty, fie!*
Resolv'd to lead a wife to th' altar,
And take,—says Echo,—*take to th' halter.*
The city let me see again,
I love it's,—Echo answers,—*gain*—
Taste, mirth, and pleasures and devices,
Such as they are,—quoth Echo,—*vices*—
There science rises quite a new sense;
Esteem'd,—quoth Echo,—*quite a nuisance.*
At Bristol is there not a muse
That can, quoth Echo, *not amuse:*—
Take me to him in epic famous,
Cottle I mean,—quoth Echo, *Amos!**
Or him, who left his barrels, Morgan,
To sound his—Echo—*barrel-organ,*

* And Amos Cottle, Phœbus what a name!
BYRON.

His pipes poetic—pipes that speak
Of Ashton—Echo, *pipes that squeak!*—
Thus Echo, like a true drawcansir,
Is ever ready with an answer.

From you, friend Felix, would I know,
How matters in your city go:
Not such as whether Brandon-hill
Or Clifton stand, where stood they, still
There let them stand, for stand they will;
Unless your paviours without mercy
Hold with their bowels controversy.
Your muddy river, and your drays
Ringing their iron-peals, your quays,
Your ships, or even if your float
Send it's thick poison down your throat,
Are things of which I take no note:
Nor whether Mother Pugsley's waters
Still wash your sore eyed sons and daughters:
Would! 'twere the Fountain Aganippe!
To make them wise as Mistress Gippy,*
Then might they, thinking less of traffic,
Learn to negotiate in sapphic;

* The name of this scientific Lady is, we believe, Guppy. We observe the Author of the Epistle to Clare, requires correction, likewise for his misnomer. He calls her Mrs. Gupp.
Editor.

Might, wash'd by that poetic lotion,
Of learning have some little notion,
And never more be term'd Bæotian.

First, Felix, let your graphic pen
Describe the May'r and Aldermen;
Your May'r is like an almanack,
The new one makes the old snail pack,
Without his house upon his back.
Still to their villas do they ride
Waiting for none, like time and tide,
Each day, and leave too clear the coast,
For thieves, when Justice quits her post?
Day closes, and the rows commence,
And the streets' vulgar insolence—
Catcalls and groans—your pocket's pick'd—
You're hustled, p'rhaps knock'd down and
kick'd.
You call "the watch, the watch"—he snores—
Or else is gone!—and so is your's!—
A robber's ta'en, the city round
You search—no Justice to be found—
Your City-conservators, trustees,
Are at their villas —There Sir Justice,
Good easy man in 's easy chair,
A sitting magistrate—but where?
Dreams of his credits and his cash,

And of to-morrows calipash;
While scar'd and unprotected peace
Flies from a negligent police;
Nor gates nor bars exclude, as said
By Dryden's muse, the busy trade.
Thieves break into your house at night—
Dare you dispute their ruffian right—
The lead, that's stolen from your roof,
Tries, if your head be bullet-proof.—
Such was the city anno ———
They say, not now, and Heaven be thank'd.

One question I would ask with fear;
Do now-adays, when every ear
Is like the ear of rhetorician,
The Council break the head of Priscian?
Chuse ye still masons, tanners, skinners
To flourish at your public dinners?
Sheriffs, who 'fore the Judges stammer,
In breach of common sense and grammar;
Who having learnt one golden rule,
At some poor elemental school
Just big enough to whip a cat in,
Have thought it "quantum suff." of Latin:
"*To hold an office, and take fees

* Fungor, fruor, utor, &c. *Latin Grammar.*

Eat, use, have dignity and ease,
Exchange, communicate, supersede."—
Words worthy of the civic creed.
Friend FELIX, in their teeth I cast
The adage, "Cobler mind your last;"
In pity, FELIX, chuse henceforth
By wit, as well as what they're worth.

'Tis whisper'd round that ev'ry column
Of FELIX FARLEY makes them solemn,
And some the Faculty presage,
If't lasts, will go off in a rage.*
Friend FARLEY, if your zeal abates,
As Horace says "reficient rates,"
Virtue and industry's their motto,†
The which you may attend or not to;
But whether industry or virtue
They owe their origin and desert to,
Is what I have to say a word to.

* In allusion to the endeavours making by the Editor of Felix Farley's Journal to reduce the local taxation of the Port; the rates or duties levied in which have been highly oppressive, and diverted from the purposes for which they were originally granted.

† Mox reficit rates
Quassa, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Hor.

To renew rates: a good motto for an Overseer. Probably the Author alludes to the City Arms, a ship entering a port, as he quotes the city motto, "Virtute et Industria."

Because one mother for one chick,
Is natural arithmetic :
And truth may hang upon this peg,
That two hens cannot lay one egg.

But this dispute 'twixt you and them,
I do not praise, nor yet condemn.
I pay all charges—false or true—
And always give the Devil his due.
Tho' I should sweat at every pore
I never tell, where I am sore,
Lest they should flog that part the more.
As the abominable flea
First nibbles with sure policy,
Not that he's eating, but to catch
Your foolish fingers at the scratch,
Because the circulating heat,
Brings richer gravy to his meat,
And all your anger, stir and spite
Is but to show him, where to bite.

Say, have the Body Corporate
Conferr'd at last, tho' far too late,
Upon their reverend and learn'd
Historian, what so well he's earn'd,
Some solid honor? or do smacks
Still smart, with which he brush'd their backs,

Because by whipping so *deep red*,
He made the bottom, not the head,
Which should have born the blame instead.
So nothing gain'd, they nought bestow,
For nihil fit ex nihilo.*
What do they with their benefices?
Give them as dowries to their Misses,
To unknown cousins dragg'd from Wales,
Like calves from Essex by their tails;
While Bristol's sons, no smuggled brood,
But her own real flesh and blood,
Cry "patriam fugimus" for food.
See Eclogue one, the Bard of Mantua—
Or do they, like great Garagantua,
Swallow the churches (though the people's)
And pick their teeth with all the steeples?†

A cunning animal exists,
As I have heard from naturalists,
Gifted with rare instinct complete,
Of going to market for his meat;

* The Rev. Samuel Seyer, Author of the Memoirs of Bristol. This gentleman is a native of the city, and for many years conducted in it a Seminary of great celebrity, where numerous members of the Corporation, as well as their children, were educated; but strange to say, the reward, he so well earned, has never been bestowed.—Editor.

† *See Note A. at the end of the Volume.*

Call'd a Tamandua—Ant-eater,
Whose tongue's a strange illegal meter,
Which of enormous length it lays
Across the most frequented ways,
And all along the market place
Of th' ants, a busy trading race,
Who thinking it a mark of honor,
The city thus should have laid on her
A scarlet carpet for their feet,
All flock to it from lane and street,
Nor know their danger till they stick
Fast in the ant-lime slab and thick;
Then, he perceiving, as they crawl,
He's got a tolerable haul,
Draws in his tongue, and gobbles all.
There are more ant-eaters than one,
Tongues that to any length can run,
Look fair, yet be each one a gin,
And when you little think, draw in;
And some this maxim plainly preach,
"Lay claim to all your tongue can reach."

And tell me, FELIX, since old BENGO*
Would'nt go in quiet where all men go,

* Many years a Solicitor and Alderman of the Corporation; and who left them a large sum for the erection of a monument to his memory.

But would be chissel'd out and marbled,
And have his earthly praises warbled;
Stands he complete from CHANTRY's chissel?
(He'd th' whole city at his whistle
As he had caught them in a rat-trap.)
Now stands he like an eastern Satrap
Togated, upright as a rule,
Or sits in civic chair curule,
A glorious specimen for GALL,
If th' occiput don't touch the wall;
To teach us how to mould our bumps,
That all our cards may turn up trumps?
Say, is the epitaph in print?
Print the rejected,—take the hint;
Those written by the civic pen
Both of the May'r and Aldermen;
Tell me, good FARLEY, are they such
As, printed in the types of GUTCH,
Neat as that epitaph of Bion,
Or DENMAN's royal gift from Dion,
The old defunct with his own hand
May humbly offer to the band
Of angels, that attend his journey,
To save the soul of the attorney?
Or has some mercenary scribe,
That couldn't write without a bribe,
Penn'd a vile fulsome epitaph,

That might make Milton's dolorous laugh;
And which offended minor saints,
Like dogs, might cock their legs against?

I have a wish to know what sect
Bristol Philosophers affect;
What is the school of their profession?
I saw myself their grand procession
About to raise their new abode, a
Philosophical Pagoda,
Through the whole city sinuous wind,
And drag their "length of tail behind;"
As they were measuring by it,
The city's wisdom, worth and wit:
(So with his length of parchment STULTZ*
Takes measure of polite adults;
And marks his progress by a snip,
From joint to joint, from hip to hip,
On solid *bottom* e're he raise
The *seat* and structure of his praise.—)
Upon a velvet cushion shone
What seem'd the true Philos'pher's stone,
By which their virtue might be known,
(After that householder's example,
Who show'd a brick for th' house a sample)

* A fashionable Tailor of Bond-street.

And a new coin to lay beneath,
With this inscription in a wreath,
" Welcome you are, where'er you come,
" If you have sixpence under thumb."

The very Reverend Dean and May'r
Together walk'd, the foremost pair,
Both *ex-cathedra* men of weight;
The latter deck'd in robe of state,
To th' other seem'd a dedication,
Presented by the Corporation.
One was the Church's candlestick,
Th'other the candle with it's wick;
No rush-light, no minute Philosopher,
(Would! you th' Exchange had seen him
cross over)
A light of lights to' lucidate ye,
And one of the Illuminati;
The very *mould* and frontispiece
Of a Philosopher of *Greece*.
But, tho' I had a hundred tongues,
Fargus thy auctioneering lungs,
A thousand pens all going by steam,
One every minute to a ream,
Like Perkins's machine infernal,
(Nor would you put them in your Journal)
I could not, if I would, relate,

" Welcome you are, where'er you come,
" If you have sixpence under thumb."

We have been favoured with a fac-simile of the Medal or Coin mentioned in the text, and are well aware that in laying it before our readers, we present them with no small curiosity. It has been carefully copied from the drawing, which is known to be the only authentic document now in existence, bating the veritable one under the stone.

This " rare deposit " being intended to excite the wonder of future times, when it shall come to light, any particulars relative to it cannot fail of being highly interesting to the present; and accordingly we proceed to give such information as we have obtained from undoubted sources, and pledge ourselves it is all that can reasonably be depended upon.

Whether the design is to be taken as a fair sample of the state of the Arts of Bristol at the time it was executed, or of the peculiar style of the Artist; or whether it was an attempt to accommodate himself and his art to the taste of his employers, or to satirize it, is now matter of doubt, and as such we are compelled to leave it.

The figure holding a bag in each hand is supposed by some to be a portrait, but perhaps it is entirely a sketch of fancy. Some have thought it a personification of the *Wealth of the City*, but as the hands holding the bags appear not to possess any very extraordinary tenacity

of grasp, this is doubted by many. Some again think it meant to personify the liberality of the BRISTOL INSTITUTION, and that the bags so invitingly held forth are emblematic of the honors and rewards intended to be given for the encouragement of poetry, painting, music, &c. This opinion at first gained ground rapidly, but latterly it has changed into a supposition that the figure is really a portrait and nothing more.

We wish to avoid giving offence, and shall therefore withhold our opinion on so nice a point; our's is a statement of facts only. To those already given perhaps we may be allowed to add something touching the fate of the Artist himself. Very little indeed is known of him, but he appears to have been that same Ripp Van Winkle to whom a painter of the present day is compared in the subsequent part of this invaluable poem; addicted it seems to the occasional practice of painting, fiddling and scribbling. Whether these jointly or separately got him into disgrace is not exactly known; but certain it is, that from the time of making the design, or of laying the foundation stone, he ceased to receive any support from the city he had inhabited so long. For five years he had no employment whatever but from *strangers*; and during that time having seen two of his brother Artists literally starved out, he fell into a state of despondency (being of a very meek and timid nature) and after writing a most pathetic farewell to Bristol (not yet published) he departed, and soon after died of a broken heart. The original design from which the die-sinker executed his work, and from which the present etching is made, the only thing in the least degree resembling a *coin*, was found among some loose sketches at his lodgings in Milk-street, and is now in the possession of the publisher.

At once how many and how great,
They went, all learn'd and Dilettanti,
More numerous than the ghosts of Dante;
Not to be number'd by the tale,
But rather weigh'd in civic scale.
Then if some friend had ask'd, what sect
Were these erratic wise elect,
Without doubt you had answer'd him,
Peripateticks wind and limb.

Then had you, when their business clos'd
Beheld their visages compos'd,
Their teeth now seeking new adventure,
As soon was witness'd by *indenture*;
All hungry, like wean'd calves their bowels
Running the treble through the vowels;—
Then had you seen them, with what patience
They took in th' anti-room their stations,
E're cooks would furnish up their rations,
Acting unusually heroics;
You would have call'd them real Stoics.

But once admitted to the dishes,
The soups, the bouillies and the fishes;
Had you but seen them dine voracious,
All open mouth'd, but not loquacious;
With plate on plate like Platonists,

Or as they're term'd Deipnosophists;
Had you but seen them bumpers swallow,
As if whole cellars were to follow;
As tho' all nature had giv'n a treat,
And man was only meant to eat;
And art, at nature's views to jump,
Had therefore made a stomach-pump;
You fairly might have hence inferr'd,
All old and young were of one herd,
Laity, clergy and plebeians,
Veritable Epicureans.
Horace is coarse, but not so I,
He speaks of Epicurus' stye;
For sure I am on this occasion
Not a soul tried his transmigration,
Nor lost the form erect of man,
Become a staggering Caliban,
Transmogrified by cups Circean,
To try the laws Pythagorean.

But since they must be, sect or sects,
Of their own fame the architects:
What is't they do, for there's the matter,
Worthy so great a fuss and clatter?
Philosophers may talk like parrots
But grow not up like leeks and carrots,
A silken purse from a sow's ear,

And hogs-wash brewing table beer,
Are things that make us laugh, not sneer.
What is't they do, is't this, to mix, Sir,
Together this and that elixir,
Put this and that into a crucible,
And show what is, what isn't fusible?
How DAVY's new galvanic knocker
Would send us all to Davy's locker;
How Mister PERKINS could make water,
That all mankind at once would slaughter;
Make red hot ice and fire from snow pipes,
And teach us how to blow our blow-pipes.
To make our Ladies prate and think
Of bismuth, manganese and zinc;
Of album græcum, BUCKLAND's den,
Of oxygen and hydrogen;
How oxygen is Mercury's daughter,
And hydrogen is gin and water.
—Behold this liquid change it's hue,
Tis yellow, green; 'tis orange, blue;
Now red, and now, remove that stopper,
Expose the acetate of copper—
—Presto—tis blue again—spare, spare;
Is this the jargon makes you stare?—
So have I seen some low Jack-pudding
With skill scarce worth the shoes he stood in,
Draw with his presto, hocus—pocus,

His booby audience to a focus:
And with his cups, and balls, and glasses,
Astonish all surrounding asses,
That raise aloft their eyes and noses,
To whatsoe'er the knave exposes;
And gaping wide-mouth'd exercise
The noble art of catching flies.

Is't true, that friend of your's and mine,
That worthy man, that sound divine;
That learned and facetious Vicar,
With whom no mortal man could bicker,
His tour through Normandy has read
T' a crowded room, illustrated
With his own bold expressive sketches,
That artists' covet, envious wretches!
So that we know not which utensil
T' admire most, his pen or pencil;
Read with such suavity of voice,
Ore rotundo flow and choice,
Command and elegance of diction,
You would have felt at once conviction
That he had trod with happy feet
The vales of Cyprus or of Crete?
He could have made the snows of Sweden
Appear the Paradise of Eden.
Oh! had such eloquence been nourish'd,

When h's patron Saint old Nich'las flourish'd,
What time he preach'd, and preach'd in vain
To the deaf tenants of the main—
And couldn't pros'lyte to his wishes,
Those scoundrel scaly scamps the fishes,
That threw their tails aloft and glisten'd,
And play'd when they should all have listen'd;
Then had grim Proteus cried out, Doce,
And driven in his shoals of Phocæ,
And Wordsworth heard, had he been born,
Old Triton wind his "wreathed" horn.*

O rare philosopers, O race,
Whom worth, wit, virtue, beauty, grace
Adorn, fair science from your noses
Distils her pearls like dew from roses.
Allowing you all things to know,
Nature to twist and turn like dough,
And thrust your scientific trowels
Into the secrets of her bowels;
O gifted race, whilst duller we
Are only in our A B C.

* So might I standing on this pleasant lea
Have glimpses, that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
Wordsworth.

Say do your players meet with praise
And due reward? for Shakspeare says,
'Twere better, when you're dust and chaff,
To have a sorry epitaph
Than ill report of their's, alive.—
Give them good fashion, let them thrive;
Nor let with them, in any point,
The times be ever *out of joint*.
"Time's abstract and brief chronicles"
Stand they as Virtue's centinels?
For Virtue as you read in page
Of Plato, were she on the stage,
Would every eye and heart engage.
Bid them, good Felix, still maintain
The dignity of th' antient reign;
And show us Hamlet, Lear, Othello,
Not this or t'other squalling fellow;
Their horses, children, their regalia,
And Mother Goose's paraphernalia.
Let us enjoy the good old school,
Not melodrames and stuff of Poole,
They'll find the old the golden rule.
Then would they meet with sure respect,
Unless indeed your saintly Sect
The city high and low infect;
Who deem all merriment a sin,
And excommunicate a grin;

Who hold their weekly convocations,
To publish nasal declarations
Against all theatres and players—
And then adjourn—to tea and prayers.
Ye riff-raff of all sects, ye pack
Your burthens on religion's back,
Until ye make it groan and crack,
And chuckle at your snug abuses;
O mysteries of the new Eleusis!

And ye that would suppress all vice,
Save for yourselves a private slice,
You'd better your attention fix
On your own little dirty tricks,
Than break poor beggar's fiddle-sticks;
Pluck merriment from a poor man's sleeves!
Why, what a dastard set of thieves!
Attack the rich—you do not dare;
Then whip yourselves, you've blood to spare;
—Give me the lash, your shoulders bare.
—What would ye have, why do'nt you see
Your city great, "the powers that be,"
Have ta'en the Cardinal Virtues* down,

* There were four niches in front of the old Council-House, for intended Statues of the four Cardinal Virtues—which were never installed, and are supposed to be still in the wine vaults of the new building—or sent to Mr. Braikenridge, to adorn a *Temple of Modesty to be erected in his grounds*, and dedicated with Antiquarian zeal, to the Bristol Corporation.

And fairly kick'd them out of town
Noseless and limping, to malign us
And make complaints to old BELINUS;*
—Go put yourselves up in the niches—
But if ye do—my finger itches—
A rod's in pickle for your breeches.
Off with ye all—I'll just annex
A warning to the softer sex;
Your own domestic circles keep
In peace and gentleness, nor creep
Down areas and to kitchen doors,
Female inquisitorial bores!
Teaching our servants that their business is
T' expose their masters and their mistresses.
You ask what fam'ly prayers are said;
If thrice a-day the Bible's read;
When we get up, when go to bed:
Whether we're not all Satan's imps?
As if religion wanted pimps!
Why do ye twist your female faces
Into such horrible grimaces,

* BELINUS is said to have been one of the Founders of Bristol; a statue of whom, with his kinsman, BRENNUS, is still extant over the gateway of St. John's Church.

> Our ancestors proceed from race divine;
> From Brennus and Belinus is our line,
> Who gave to Sovereign Rome such loud alarms.
>
> *DRYDEN.—The Cock and the Fox.*

Till they have got the settled knack
Of looking hypocondriac;
As if fanaticism took toll
From melancholy's bitter bowl,
And Hiera-picra* sav'd the soul.
What fools ye make yourselves, good lack!
Now do ye really think, a pack
Of cards are Devils in masquerades,
And Antichrist the knave of spades?
Off— one and all to Bedlam pad,
You're either knaves, or fools, or mad.

O Superstition! thou art like
A scowling monk, whose shade th' oblique
Rays of a red and angry sun
Fling far upon the beach in dun
Undefin'd form, with giant stride
The monster of dim eventide.
Thou frownest in thy bigot zeal
Like inquisition or bastile,
That lifts its dark accursed pile
To evening's last departing smile,
And o'er a prostrate city throws
It's shadow black with human woes.
Religion's gladsome clear and bright,

* Hiera picra, ἱερὰ πικρὰ, literally Holy Bitters.

Like one that stands in mid-day light;
No gloomy shadows round her spread
And Heaven shines glorious o'er her head.

How does the House Mc.Adam thrive?
Is't made a comfortable hive;
Has he his fortune doubled, trebled,
All his ways gravell'd, smooth'd and pebbled,
And made fine gentlemen and madams,
O' the female and the male Mc.Adams?
Deucalion* thus, by throwing stones,
Rais'd up a progeny of bones;
Happy Mc.Adam, who can'st knock
A ten pound note out of a rock;
Can'st so adroitly smooth the way,
To make ev'n Parliament defray;
Had I that art by you discern'd,
I wouldn't leave a stone unturn'd,
Till I had learnt to coin and mint
A golden sovereign from a flint.

I'm told your Mercury* has outspread
New-feather'd limbs, not wing'd with lead;
Time was, he told with weekly toil

* *Vide Note B. at the end of the Volume.*

* A Bristol Newspaper.

O' th' Constitution's blain and boil,
And augur'd new forthcoming sores,
(I hate all *augurs*, they are *bores*)
When grand Quack Radical his pills
Distributed to cure all ills:
Distributed, but whoe'er took
Would surely find him at that brook,
Where his old prototype Mercurius
Was wont to drive the souls usurious.
Say does he trim his wings anew,
Dismiss his former scribbling crew,
And better principles pursue?

As Horace says, "around what thyme,"
About what flowery bank of rhyme,
A busy bee on busy wing
Does Elton take his wandering?
Does he in new attire entwine
The garlands of the antient Nine?*
Or does he now, and honest John,†
Who's bade his church-yard cough begone,
"By wood-brow'd stream" and rock and rill,
Enjoy of pleasant chat their fill?
And gravely glad the Poet's way,

* C. A. Elton, Esq.—*Vide* his elegant Specimens of the Classic Poets.

† Epistle to Clare, *New London Magazine* for Aug. 1824.

Most sensitive when most they play,
Think wisely what in wit they say ?
Friend Elton, thou hast now thy share,
But, faith ! I rather envy Clare ;
Or wish that I a third was there.
I love thee, Elton, and this pen,
For thou to me art "man of men,"
Shall tell thy city half thy worth,
And bid it glory in thy birth.
May I be half as dear to thee,
As thou wilt ever be to me.

Now, Farley, scarce this wish of mine
Had been embodied in a line,
When news that travels far when ill,
And limps when good, as 'gainst her will,
Now forward to my presence bustles,
You'll find your friend, quoth she, at Brussels.
Pray seek him not by rock or glen,
He's gone to study ways of men,
To judge of pictures, arts, abjure
All talk of Clare, but *clair obscure*.
And with him takes his chearful spouse,
The infant honor of his house,
And daughters, who, in Homer's phrase,
Like goddesses in beauty blaze ;
Or like the rosy hours that ope

The gates of Heav'n, see Iliad—Pope.
Methinks I see friend Elton sit
In Belgic chariot, scattering wit,
And joy and mirth, with eye dilate,
Viewing his jocund happy freight;
The while his merry daughters laugh
To think how he will e'er engraff
On Belgic tongue his lyric lays,
And throw around poetic rays
To eyes unus'd to such a blaze.
So Phœbus in his painted coach
Does to this darker earth approach,
Scattering radiance where he sits,
And light that's dash'd from foaming bits
Of steeds, that strike from prancing hoof
The stars that spangle Heaven's high roof;
Whilst all the dancing hours in mirth
Sing joyous to the glistering earth.
'Tis from Reynaldi's noble print
Of Phœbus, that I take this hint:—
The picture's by the hand of Guido,
Who knew the fact as well as we do.

What's Rippingille about of h's art
Master Magician, who the heart
(By virtue of a painted board)
Can raise and lift into a gourd,

Grief's pumkin, and at once with humour,
Allay the sympathetic tumour?
Say, does he still a "Rippvanwinkle"*
Doze with his half-clos'd eyes that twinkle,
As if there were within a sprite
That would not be extinguish'd quite,
But flying round that camp the brain
Rouses to arms the busy train,
That prick him up to sudden trial
Or of his pencil, pen or viol;
While from their domiciles the crickets
To see and listen ope their wickets,
And round him dance their salutation,
Obedient to his incantation.

I too would like Correggio glory,
"†Anchè io son' pittore."
Of no great value it is true,
Yet I can paint a nose, if blue;
Pourtray a squint, a clown, a bear,
Can make my country neighbours stare,
Open their mouths and take the snaffle,
And call me Domenichino Raphael.
—St. Giles's with the ignorant's Florence.

* *Vide* EPISTLE to CLARE. *New London Mag.* for Aug. 1824.

† I too am a Painter.

That ass of painters Haydon, Lawrence.
Heaven keep such wretched judges from us—
That e'er can take him for Sir Thomas!

*I would that every man, that stands
At easel, had both house and lands;
And table stor'd, flesh, fowl and fish.—
Now, Messieurs, kindly take the wish:
Nor poke your maul-sticks in my eyes,
If now I'm bold to criticise.
No quarrel with th' old masters pick;
Let the dead lion have no kick;
Th' Italian School in reverence hold
And learn to judge of sterling gold,
And not take every dauby, scratchy
Black things for Raphael and Caracci;
Then swear they dealt in the black art,
And boast to find their counterpart,
In Day and Martin, rather say,
In †Martin without any Day;
Distinguish false from true, then hit
The mark of folly with your wit.

Th' Italian School you scarce too much
Can reverence, (what is truly such)

* *Vide Note C. at the end.*
Vide MARTIN'S MILTON, and MARTIN'S BLACKING.

I cannot say that of the Dutch;
*Both, Berghem, Cuyp must all delight
With sunny landscapes sparkling bright,
And when you gaze on Vander Veldt,
The very breeze at sea is felt.
Rembrandt has a magician's wand,
And Reubens I confess is grand;
Would! he had been at fairy-land!
And Teniers with his happy knots
Is chearful, when he spares his sots.
But Hemskirk with his brawls and stabs,
His reeling drunken boors and drabs
I hate, detest; and so Ostade
May make one sick—it makes one mad,
At exhibitions and collections,
To see our ladies' chaste complexions
In ignorant adoration bow
Before thy water-doctors, Dow;—
Painters of mopsticks and old stools
You're worthless, and degrade your Schools.

Ye Landscape Painters raise your brushes
Above mere thistles, docks and rushes,
Nor prostitute the "Art divine"
Like Morland with his grunting swine,

* Both the Painter.

Fit sign painter for "the Boar's Heads,"
Of ragged donkies and old sheds.
The Poussins, Claude, Salvator, knew
What dignity to art was due;
You, would you gain a painter's name,
Seek beauty, grace, the nobler aim;
Low vulgar tastes abominate,
Love what is, and yourself be, great.

Ye Landscape Painters, fly, pursue,
Where nature hides herself from view,
By cavern'd rock, by haunted streams,
All visited by fairy-dreams;
By mountain, dingle, dell and dale,
And that sweet valley NIGHTINGALE.*
Pursue and catch her as she flies,
And then—beware her witcheries.—
Make her obey, and not command;
Then with your talisman in hand
Bid her the palette's slave to fly,
And search all climes with curious eye,
And swifter than an Ariels' wing
Lay at your feet her offering.—
—But slacken we poetic speed,
At sober prose-like pace proceed.
Art is Heaven's gift, to man decreed,

* In the Woods below CLIFTON.

The master genius of the mind;
Nature the outward form and rind
Of the created world's domain,
Where genius was design'd to reign.
—Ye woods of pleasant LEIGH, shall I
Again your happy tenant lie,
Shelter'd beneath o'er-arching rock,
And trees that wildly shoot and lock
To form a green mysterious shade,
As if a fairy-ambuscade,
Beneath those trembling leaves were laid;
And silence breath'd intelligence,
And stocks and stones had living sense,
And touch'd by flickering golden gleam,
Were waking from an antient dream,
To tell of tales of days of old.
—Then all would strange communion hold,
Rock, glade and bower—tho' mortal ear,
Their charmed voice might never hear,
But yet their magic influence feel,
Secrets that unseen sprites reveal;
Till we could fancy—"Who are we?"
Quoth DULL, "from senseless reverie
Arise, your fancies! be exact,
There's nothing sense but matter o'fact.
—We, who are we—what is't not true?"
Go DULL, how much I pity you;
And who are we—say CUMBERLAND,

Thou'st been with me to Fairy-land,
Thy sunny eye, thy jocund chat,
And sense that flow'd as quick as that,
Thy love of me and Painter's art,
Thy wit, benignity of heart,
Thy very self and all thou art
Have charm'd those scenes, we could not leave
From sunny morn till dewy eve;
And we have laugh'd our cares away,
If cares we had, full many a day;
'Tis thou must vouch for all I say.
And thou friend Gold would'st seek our bower,
And King would sometimes steal an hour,
And laugh, and shake his sides for joy,
And show 'tis wise to play the boy.—
And—but I dare not thoughts awake
That cause my very heart to ache,
To think what has been, now is not:
—But some things will not be forgot.

Ye Painters, people wood, and lawn,
With fairy, satyr, nymph and faun;
Not vulgar bumkins coarse ill-bred,
All sweating for their daily bread;
At antient Grecian fables glance,
Or Ariosto's sweet romance
Of rescued dame and broken lance,

Of shelter'd loves in hollow nooks,
By which shall run enchanted brooks.
—Embody from the sacred page,
Stories of patriarchal age—
—Or theme sublime—the fiery rain,
Departing Lot, the blazing plain;
Heaven's vengeance upon Egypt dealt;
It's blood,—it's darkness to be felt;
—The sinners creeping into cleft
And hole of rock,—the land bereft,—
The awful pause, till wrath awake,
And God arise the world to shake.

These, these are themes, that may proclaim,
So Danby finds, an artist's fame.
Learn this ye painters of dead stumps,
Old barges, and canals, and pumps,
Paint something fit to see, no view*
Near Brentford, Islington, or Kew—
Paint any thing,—but what you do.
Did Bristol give no fostering care
To efforts such as Danby's; where,
Where are his pictures, on whose walls?
Not I, neglected genius calls.
None answer? well—ye monied crew,

* *Vide* Catalogues, Exhibition Somerset-House *passim*.

Ye've lost but what—ye never knew.
Now let him wear, h' has won the palm,
His life be one long glorious calm.
Yet are there spirits whom he may rank
Among his best of friends, and thank,
That they have urg'd him on to clasp
The prize, they saw within his grasp.

The Bristol School! how rose it there?
Let Bird, Gold, Eden, King declare;
Their modest worth is dumb,—forbear.

Friend Gold, thy name has given a smart,
Not for thyself, for still thou art
Within the grasp of hand of friend;
A short day's journey,—thou the end—
There's not so much amiss to mend.
But half the globe's an awful screen
With all it's lands and seas, between
Thy brother and ourselves, alas!
That he should like a meteor pass,
And like a sun-beam's trackless haste,
That darts across a thankless waste.
There stands not on art's glorious roll
A genius of a brighter soul,
So deep, so vivid, so intense
With powers to grasp magnificence.

Bristol has lent full many a name
To fill th' "obstreporous trump of fame."
Sir Thomas Lawrence, President
Of the R. A's, pre-eminent;
In genius vigorous, yet refin'd,
Noble in art, yet more in mind—
Sweet-temper'd, gifted Lawrence, great,
In singleness of heart innate;
Pleas'd others genius to commend,
And kind a ready hand to lend
To merit, when it wants a friend.
And gorgeous Turner, apt to waste
His strength on novelties unchaste,
Which his vast genius stamps with taste.
And Bird,* poor Bird, when will regret
Er'e cease, that such a star is set?
Now, for his name must still be dear,
Ye citizens be proud to chear
His drooping house, their state survey,
And help his children on their way.

But let us turn to living worth
And brighter views—come, Bailey, forth,
And should grim death that huntsman scare
And start an Alderman or May'r,
And hunt him as you'd hunt a hare,

* *Vide Note D. at the end.*

With those fell bloodhounds in the rout,
The stone, the dropsy and the gout;
Or in plain terms, should he decay,
And look to death and quarter day,
To quit his tenement of clay,
At that sad hour should he despair
To trust such matters to his heir;
And by last will and testament
Provide for his own monument;
Bailey's his man, in spite of death,
To chissel* in again his breath;
Make blood reflow in marble vein,
And set him on his legs again.

Such Bristol once were your's, and then,
Perhaps you gloried in the men.
Be that however as it will,
Some names of note are left you still,
And keep them—keep them as you ought
Pictures are painted to be bought:
Painters are of this earth beneath,
Have, given them with their genius,—teeth,
Stomachs that hunger, thirst and faint,
Stomachs for other things than paint.

* What fine chissel could ever yet cut death.—*Shakspeare.*

You still have RIPPINGILLE. Have seen
His Canynge's funeral? Does it mean
No more than that one Canynge died,
Ask Rippingille, and he'll deride
The thought, that he should pamper pride.
"That Master Canynge," he would say,
"Was the Mæcenas of his day,
"He lov'd the arts—he lov'd mankind,
"The purpose of his bounteous mind
"Was all to bless, and none offend;
"And Poet ROWLEY was his friend.
"He built yon church, nor knew he spent
"A fortune on his monument.
"Go, do thou likewise, and I'll spread
"My canvas to preserve thy head."

The picture's bought by ACRAMAN,
For which go, chuse him Alderman.
You've JACKSON, JOHNSON*, but which son,
T' admire most, or Jack or John,
'Tis hard to tell; some future day
The bigger world may doubt to say,
I'm sure they both will make their way.
You've HOLMES's, son and father,
That HOLMES has always taught, he rather
Should twenty years ago have tried

* JOHNSON has been starved out, and has followed DANBY.

His hand at something else beside,
—Perhaps he has been the better guide.

Then you have BRANWHITE, who can paint
You all, from sinner up to saint.
Go sit, he'll hit you to a hair,
And all as like as you can stare.

Fortunate Citizens! who now
Can give posterity the brow
That looks a mittimus, the frown
Official, sword, and civic gown;
Or sleek and saintly glossy look,
With finger upon holy book;
And down smooth'd hair, and eye serene,
For the Evangelical Magazine.
Lovers, in red morocco cases,
May hand down sentimental faces,
Genteel, pathetic, and forlorn,
To children that are yet unborn.
Wives, daughters, sit—'tis BRANWHITE'S brush
Can make immortal smile and blush;
'Tis he can paint with nicest care
Your locks of Mr. FRANKLIN'S hair;
Can make your noses, e'en tho' snubs,
Just like those Grecian ones of BUBBS:*

* Elegant female figures over the Commercial Room—BUBB'S Commercial Graces.

Reduce too, at the slightest hint,
A gimlet to a gentle squint;
Can paint your screw'd up mouths so small,
As if you had no mouths at all.
Fortunate Citizens, hand down
To after ages of renown,
Which BRANWHITE's pencil can insure
Your worth, wit, wisdom's portraiture,
Just as they are—in miniature.—

The Painters I have nam'd are eight,
All of good mettle and true weight—
The wonders of the world made even,
Who dares to say they are but seven.

I like the letter of G. C.*
His plan, the life academy;
But that's not all, the arts must share
A larger portion of our care;
Where "Liberal Arts" are mostly priz'd,
There are mankind most civilized.
Without that intellectual test,
We're but barbarians finely drest.
Follow the British Institution,
Afford a liberal contribution;

* *Vide* Felix Farley, 14th Jan. 1826.

And annual prizes, purchase—purchase,
—Give to your public buildings, churches.
Raise private galleries of your own,
Let in your taste your wealth be shown.
The MEDICI were men of trade,
Yet see what Florence has been made.

But why despair? the means are ample,
There are who set no bad example;
You've noble galleries at Leigh,
Nor lack of liberality;
And ACRAMAN has done his part,
Been long a patron of the art.
I could say more—but 'tis enough,
For I would not be thought to puff.—
Annual returns of exhibition,
These galleries had in requisition
With city treasuries to unbar;
These my poor rhymes, and E. V. R.*
Taking the cudgels with G. C.
—Who knows what better things may be?

Do BEARS† to amity return'd
Keep to their Bush,‡ or is it spurn'd?

* *Vide* Felix Farley, Jan. 14, 1826.
† A literary Club.
‡ Bush Tavern, where the Club met.

Does bear, with broken chain, forswear
The company of brother bear?
Where is Arctophylax,* to drub
The hide of each rebellious cub?
Unmuzzle, let him stir the club.—

Time was, I recollect, they met
A constellation—is it set?
All stars of the first magnitude,
Sublime in glorious altitude,
"For ever singing as they shone;"
The *Vox Stellarum*—is it gone?
But to descend to mortal hearth,
Where are these recreant sons of earth?
'Tis said, I trust it is not true,
Some precious knot of dames all blue,
Detain them, poor besotted things,
Tied to their apron and blue strings,
Charm'd,—but 'tis hard to say by what—
There's no Aspasia in the knot,
T' enhance the wisdom one embraces;
Learning's peculiar sort of graces
Oft dwell in rather ursine faces.

* Arctophylax is the constellation near the Great Bear, so styled from his always observing the Bear. The Rev. ——— was our Arctophylax.

With such as these are they content
To laud, applaud, and compliment ;
To lose their senses through their eyes,
That wink celestial extacies ;
Slaves of a female coterie,
Small literature and snug bohea ?
A set of slip-sloppers, and tea-men,
Spoon-feeders, wishy-washy, she-men,
Water spiders, tea-kettle-soakers,
All noodle-headed blue-bottle brokers.
Up with thy scourge, Arctophylax,
And whirl it well about their backs ;
The dove-cot rout, their convent, then
Go whip them back into their den ;
And I will help thee in these lines
To lash the folly, that inclines
Great Bears to turn old Ursulines.

O delicate, and slender maws,
Tea suckers, henceforth suck your paws !
Would you believe it, time was, when
We met, ate, drank, and laugh'd like men,
And quarrell'd not with fish or flesh,
And piqu'd ourselves on this, that fresh
Good oysters with humane dispatch
Went glibly down nor felt a scratch ;
And then we quaff'd a glorious liquor,

That made our spirits flow the quicker;
Had Homer known it, it is odds,
'T had been the beverage of the Gods,
The true Ambrosian dew and nectar,
It might have made Thersites Hector,
And made him soon forget the bunch
Upon his back—such power has Punch.
'Tis hard to tell you whence may come
This merry name, perhaps from Rum,
Which must from punchion flow, or is't,
I'm no great etymologist,
From that *dram*-atic punch, whose belly.
Grew round on punches, as on jelly.

But these things were. Troy was—the glory
Of Ilium now's but read in story.
These joys were our's, when flourish'd Nott,
True learning's very Polyglott;
Facetious, witty, sweetly wise,
As his own Horace testifies;
Witness Tibullus, and Joannes
Secundus, thought by duller cranies
Too warm, he thought them frigid zanies.
Dear pleasant Nott, thou bear of bears!
How ill the world without thee wears.
How oft would he in merry joke
The water-drinking tribe provoke,

And shake in 's throat th' Horatian line,
"Aquarius* is a wat'ry sign—
"Saddens the year, so give me wine—
"Ride your own hobby-horse for me,
"If aught—I hate on earth—'tis tea."
Then would he rail against all teas,†
Th' whole empire of the curst Chinese;
And toss his head 'gainst bohea, hyson,
As he were horned bull or bison.
Not e'en ANACREON could escape,
The Teian Bard,‡ tho' choak'd by grape.

Oh! these were nights of mirth and sense,
Of sweet debate, and eloquence;
Learn'd disputations, classic chat,
To which the famous *Noctes Att.*
Of AULUS GELLIUS were but flat.

Farewell! thou'rt gone, and all is up;
Thou'st ate thy dish, and drank thy cup,
Thy Horace§ says, nor yet shall time,
What thou hast sweetly said in rhyme,

* Contristat Aquarius annum.—HOR.

† *Vide Song at the end of the Volume.*

‡ Nec si quid lusit Anacreon
Delevit ætas.—HOR.

§ Edisti satis atque bibisti.—*Ibid.*

Destroy, tho' he has cut thy thread—
While Persian Hafiz shall be read.

What are we, but death's garden-plants,
Who cuts us down just as he wants,
And says we all must go to pot,*
Grand cauliflowers some, some not,
Big-bellied cucumbers or greens,
And some Pythagoras's beans.
Our vessel, Dryden† says, will run
To dregs, then death upsets the tun.
We must be off, says Horace, sent
Where Numa and where Ancus went:
But there the way-worn, halt, and blind,
May leave their pack of cards behind,
If they have trod their steps aright,
And doff their rags for purer white:
Of such high state from change exempt,
Numa and Ancus scarcely dreamt.

Death knocks at all our doors they say
But not exactly the same way;
At some he gives a gentle tap

* Omnium versatur urna.—Hor.

† The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run.—Dryden.
Cock and Fox.

And is let in—a thundering rap
At others;—on some finds it writ
"Remov'd"—that means as dead 's a nit—
On others "call next door—all well;"
On others "please to ring the bell."
Some he finds fast, with bolt and bar,
And some are kindly left ajar.
The poor man's mostly on the latch,
Or open wide for quick dispatch,
When parish doctors go before
In too much haste to shut the door.

Like Proteus he assumes all shapes,
Sometimes th' apothecary apes
On founder'd mare, sometimes his 'prentice,
Trudging on foot to humbler entries;
And sometimes makes a grand approach,
Doctor of physic in a coach.

And should friend Fox a man of skill
Be call'd in, where death means to kill
Some sinner with gout, stone or phthisic,
Ere this consummate man of physic
(His chariot standing at the door)
Can touch the step, death stalks before,
And from his seat the coachman knocks,
Then takes the place of Doctor Fox
And bids the Devil mount the box;

Thus the black undertaker thrives,
For "needs must, where the Devil drives."

Let's try another point of view.
O foolish man! if it be true,
What flattering newspapers report all,
'Tis thy own fault, if thou art mortal:
If there are cures for all diseases,
And every man may live that pleases,
'Gainst public watchfulness for health,
How strange you will grow sick by stealth;
'Tis indiscreet and most unwise!
You see the heavy penalties
Laid on the dead—and on the quick
That have the boldness to be sick—
Expensive drugs for humours latent,
The very pills you take are patent,
Nurses to pay, physicians' fees,
That of themselves are a disease.

And when you're laid upon your backs,
Your haunted by the leg'cy tax;
(If that be thine, O Matthew Wright,*
I owe thee for't, and will requite)
Probate, and duty on your will,
And dismal undertaker's bill.

* One of the reputed authors of the tax.

You came into this world without
Much treasure, and the gaping rout
Take care you carry nothing out,
By leaving you not much to take;
And government's so kind, to make
Provision to keep in your breath,
By laying such high tax on death.
Well might the thinking Irish cry,
"Why, Paddy Murphy did you die?"

I grant, to those whose heads are blocks,
I seem to deal in paradox.
First prove we "all must go to pot;"
Refute and show that we must not,
To contradict, say black is white,
Nor seem t' attain an object by't,
Except a slap at MATTHEW WRIGHT.
Not so—'tis but a figure of speech,
That means the self-same truths to teach
By opposites, as Math'maticians
B' absurdum prove their propositions,
Two parallels make not a prism;
Unity is made out of schism;
Logicians try a syllogism,
By contradictory and absurd,
Make two agree but by a third.

'Tis thus Philosophers abstract
From nullities a matter o'fact;
Prove t' you, that ev'ry thing is nought;
Matter a globule but of thought;
And dash your head 'gainst Berkeley's wall
By qualities saxipetal,
Then prove you have no head at all;
Run needles through your thumbs to th' quick
To prove things do not touch that prick,
And kick your shins quite raw t' explain,
The wound is only in your brain.

Why do Philosophers compel
Truth to go down into a well?
Except that they may pull and strain
The more to get her up again.
She must be tortur'd, duck'd—what not,
Before she'll tell you what is what,
And then 'tis only by a knot,
Which with great difficulty and cavil
You're scarcely able to unravel.

Truth knows, what's plain before you set,
You almost instantly forget;
And deals in chaos and confusion
To bring you to a clear conclusion.
Thus light and darkness, cheek by jole,

Lie dormant in the blackest coal;
Where brightest gas is form'd mature,
In Milton's "palpable obscure."

Thus we've heard Lect'rers by rule
Show common sense to be a fool;
That scarce can any thing disclose
Nor see an inch beyond her nose;
That th' use of metaphysics and science
Is to bid common sense defiance.
We've heard them tell all nature's wonders,
That seem'd at first egregious blunders;
Which unless argued *ad absurdum*,
We soon should have forgot we'd heard 'em.

Bristol! since for the mind's expansion,
You've built Philosophy a mansion,
Where you may show your darling scions,
For nothing, every day the lions,*
No doubt, you'll hear these things again,
(I never will though, to be plain)
Since now Philosophy's in vogue,
And far-fetch'd leturers disembogue.

The time will come, ah me! to think,

* The Philosophers have recently purchased a dead one.

You're even now on danger's brink.
Ye lofty citizens, who keep
Your nobler faculties asleep,
Rise, will ye never be persuaded,
You're shortly all to be invaded!
You'll have the rabble at your heels;
You hear the military peals
From every ragamuffin scamp
In "General Education's" camp;
What martial spirit they diffuse
In drum and trumpeting *Reviews*,
Close Columns, and their *Magazines*,
Stuff'd with mechanical machines,
Now mobs erect triumphal arch
For General "Intellect on the march."*
Atheist stalks forth a pioneer,
And bully Steam as engineer,
His horse-artillery force increases
Merely to blow you all to pieces.
While rebel-standards flourish o'er 'em,
And *Patent Broom* sweeps all before 'em.

O give the vagabonds the lash,
Before your gentle toes they smash
With their experimental rammers,

* Vide *John Bull.*

And knock your brains out with their hammers.
For argument let's lay aside
This march and military stride;
What is this Universal Scheme?—
The cant of knaves or maniac's dream.

Suppose your citizens agree
To have their University
Built on the float—"STINKOMALEE"—
Where unwash'd journeymen may paddle
In STINKO-POOL, and stir and addle
Their brains in scientific twaddle.
Where 'prentices, turn'd Solomons,
May cross the *Asinorum Pons;*
And learn their craft by diagrams;
And show, that parallelograms
Are figures quadrilateral,
Quinquangular's pentagonal;
Where labourers may lie all a-bed
T' invent machines to work instead;
And chimney-sweeps take *high* degrees,
Make smoke-jacks sweat their wheels to grease;
And prove a chimney-pot observes
The planetary laws of curves,
And measure with cylindric peep
The intellects they mean to sweep.*

* A chimney sweeper told his employer, he always considered the intellects of a chimney before he swept it!

O, then what schemes will they project,
And charter'd companies erect.
Ships without crews, whate'er the wind is,
In fourteen days to reach the Indies,
With patent wings of herring's fins,
And cables of potatoe-skins.—
To tame a fleet of Greenland whales,
To guard the channel with their tails;
Save soldiers' victualling and hire,
By making men of straw and wire,
Galvanic batteries to defend,
Electrified at either end;
That, when the enemy attacks,
May kill them by electric thwacks.—
To shoot the milky way with steam,
That it may drop down milk and cream—
Cause snow to melt itself to ale,
And make rice-puddings out of hail.
Sell patent pickaxe-shoes for moles
To dig in mines and throw up coals.
Drugs to make creditors forget,
Whereby to pay the public debt.
To tax the rich who cannot give
Good reason, why they ought to live.
—Then O ye noodles good and great,
Who govern and adorn the state,
When such wise-owlish madness thrives,

I'd not give twopence for your lives;
Your mansions will be turn'd to shops,
And dandy's heads be sold for mops.

The world is mad and quite undone
Since SENEX,* thou wert twenty-one;—
All people poke their noses now
Or any where, or any how,
And into other's business pry,
Like JOSEPH HUME and Mrs. FRY;
In snuggest schemes our hopes trepan,
And *bolt all* matters to *the bran.*

'Twas then a sober world and staid,
With little done and little said;
A world of drowsyhead hum-drum,
When all that should'nt speak were dumb,
And kept in awe by fe, fa, fum!
And doff'd their hats, and stepp'd aside as
Pass'd Alderman, or Justice Midas.
E'en taste lethargic grew, and dead,
No mad Der Frëischutz split one's head;
Then Tragedy, no more severe,
In softest accents touch'd the ear;
Like COLLEY CIBBER'S maudlin Lear.

* A supposed Bristol Alderman, father of the Corporation, privy to a notable, as well as profitable, speculation in corn, in a year of scarcity.

Nor Hunts nor Cobbetts flourish'd then,
No universal suffrage men.
Then politicians did but dream,
And doze on by-gone dull old theme;
A manifesto at the Hague,
And little knew of war or plague
Beyond Kotzwara's * "Battle of Prague."
Would strange events sometimes occur
The sober dull serene to stir,
And change th' eternal hue of drab,
Heads did but meet in close confab,
And nod awhile like Mandarins,
Or figures upon Indian screens.

Thus, when old Drowsy wont to keep
His congregation fast asleep,
While heaven-ward he in under tone
Sixteenthly journied—all alone,—
While *fix'd, upon their latter end,*
His flocks were *folded* all and penn'd,
If looby bumkin chanc'd to dream
Of hogs or oxen, cart or team,
And bob'd his nose upon the bench,
Or bawl'd in's sleep to country wench—
"Mally, be deef—stap out tha houze;

* His Sonata.

"I've dreev'd em, do e melk the couze."*
Th' irreverend voice of stupid clod
Is heard throughout the "land of Nod,"
The noise assaults each slumbering ear;
First sexton, clerk, then overseer,
Then grand churchwarden hears a buzz,
As patient as the man of Uz.
From aisle to aisle, from pew to pew
The sleepy heads are rais'd to view,
Then drop again to soft repose,
For t'other thirty minutes doze;
Till "Now to God," or hundredth psalm
Dismiss them pious, good, and calm.—

But Drowsy's dead;—far different men
Have seiz'd his cushion; Senex, when
Will flocks dare sleep as they did then?
Th' whole world's now quite a different thing,
'Tis all on stilts—"God save the King,"
Since mercers† seize their counter yards,
And threaten to cut down his guards.

Hast thou, Sir Richard Vaughan, thou knight,
A recreant been in ladies' sight?

* Devonshire dialect.
† Waithman and the dragoons.

Is't like thee gentle dames to fright?
What! tho' they were not "unsunn'd snow,"
And danc'd with meretricious toe;
I'd rather been some shag-ear'd Pan,
And danc'd—unlike an Alderman,
Following after Hamadryads,
Whether by singles, pairs or triads;
Had rather been a rustic faun,
Than thou, uncourtly RICHARD VAUGHAN,
With arm of magisterial brawn,
That could that Mittimus indite;
Plain Richard—thou art not a Knight.
I had expected something kind
Was in thy placid heart enshrin'd;
Thou hast a mild and pleasant eye,
And one that ever should be dry.
Thy open forehead, and thy sleek,
Unruffled brow, and ruddy cheek,
Much gentler courtesy bespeak.
Thou hast forgot thyself awhile,
Resume thy better self, and smile;—
'Tis true, some * Censor, in a pet,
Has lash'd thee rather harshly, yet
I should be loth a sadder mood
Than's wont, should waste thy flesh & blood,
For faith! it looks for better food.

* *Vide* the Bristol Mercury.

Courage, Sir Richard, some years hence
I'll break a lance in thy defence.

Suppose the Parliament dissolv'd.—
How much, Friend Felix, is involv'd
In that event, must be a question
Will cause to some a poor digestion.
But how will't be with you—Is Davis,
Still as he was, the "*rara avis*;"
Has he the general voice, the test
That he has shone among the best,
Erect, in talents, mind and zeal,
The champion of the common weal,
With Canning, Liverpool, and Peel?
He has;—'twere well for me and you,
If every man so did his do.
Wealthier there may be;—well! what then?
Pope wisely tells us "worth makes men."
Weigh well your scales by worth and sense,
And not by paltry pounds and pence.
Your puffy purse-proud scoundrel miser
Is just as poor, and nothing wiser,
Than his ignorant idolizer,
That stares until his eyes are sore,
At the large knocker at his door.—
Open it wide—let's in and dine,
And share your ven'son and your wine,

Or what's your wealth to me or mine?
The man to money a mere slave is
Who calls for Dives, I for Davis.
A plumper for thee without fraud,
Good Davis, Cicero's line I laud,
"Force is a lion, fraud a *fox,"
Be all thy friends as firm as rocks,
All † *lion-hearted*, and for help
I'll roar, a good old lion's whelp.

My praise let th'other member share,
I have a pennyworth to spare,
Which he has won, so let him wear;
So wear, that is to say, provided,
He stick no grosser praise beside it,
And have them gilded on his flags,
When next he's chair'd by human nags,
And necks, that scarcely own superiors,
Are underneath his grand posteriors.
His colours I could spare, their hue
Is—I should know, if they were blue.
H' has boldly set his staff within,
The ring of Fame, bids fair to win

* Fraus vulpeculæ vis Leonis.—Cicero de Offichis.—Perhaps the author alludes to the Fox Club, though we do not exactly know his meaning.—Editor.

† White Lion Club.

If true; the battle half is won,
That's bravely, strenuously begun.

There was a place where Learning * rais'd
Her unassuming head unprais'd—
Stands she still pinch'd for room and cold,
The while Philosophy, more bold,
Grows strong and lusty, to belabour
Her modest unpretending neighbour?
Or while in quiet hole she lurks,
Perchance like Monsieur Mole she works
Her secret path, e're she display
Her building to the blaze of day.
Whate'er it be, where'er it rise,
Do let it's structure please our eyes,
Nor imitate or form a plan,
Of PATY's monstrous patipan!†
The London Architects intent
Less on a solid base, than *rent*,
Made such a one, as quarter'd, rot 'em,
The Custom House from top to bottom;
Beware of such, for tottering domes
May cause worse battle 'mong your tomes,‡

* Bristol Library.

† The Merchants' Hall, ædificated by PATY, somewhat in the shape of a patipan, as emblematical of the use for which it was intended.

‡ SWIFT's Battle of Books.

And stones and bricks your authors hit,
Much harder than each other's wit.
Now Heav'n preserve it from such din,
And even keep good PEACE * within.

Say, have you still your annual dose
Of discontent, when dull MOROSE
Interrogates, complains and proses,
While all the learned blow their noses;
Or does he, finding few will hear,
Lend less of voice and more of ear,
And keep his vinegar for his domus,
A serious antidote to Momus?
I would be gentle, have the milk
Of human kindness soft as silk,
Which somehow, when 't'would flow in words,
A grim sour visage turns to curds.

Querulous people I detest,
And shun them as I would a pest;
I hate all noise, complaint and strife,
Especially 'twixt man and wife;
All Courts of Law, and the twelve Judges,
Counsel, Attornies, and their drudges,
Constables, Plaintiffs, and Defendants.
Methodists, Ranters, Independents;

* Probably a pun upon Mr. PEACE, Librarian.

All furious zeal, and stuff and cant,
'T'wixt Catholic and Protestant,
All Radicals, and Whigs ironical,
Especially the Morning Chronicle.
All innovation and suggestion,
O'Connel and the Catholic Question,
The latter half the world are testy on.
Clerical Irish disputations,
Pope's Bulls and Excommunications,
Council, Anathema and Ban,
And Canons of the Lateran;
In short th' whole babbling brawl and fable;
Of Papish Babylon or Babel.
Be mine life's unobserv'd and quiet
Retiring path, secure from riot,
Like that which leads through peaceful dell
To haunt of friends, not hermit's cell.
And since I'm no Præadamite,
But to improvement proselyte,
No advocate for anno 1,
'T'were quite as well, the course I've run
Should be with better skill revis'd,
And all my ways Macadamis'd;
That with few trips, and not one fall,
I may pursue my path, though small,
Yet large enough, if friends will call,
And tell me how the bigger world,

Life's humming top, by fashion's twirl'd,
And how it spins, and sleeps, and sinks?
I'd not be blind, nor yet a lynx,
Nor deal in riddles like a sphynx.

Does the MENDICITY SOCIETY*
Preserve their begging notoriety,
And hunt through streets, and lanes, and holes,
Poor beggars, unprotected souls?
For he's soon caught that limping begs,
Necessitas non habet legs.†
Which means, that he of "doleful dumps,"
Couldn't run away upon his stumps.
O aptly nam'd with true felicity
Of term, "Society Mendicity!"
They are all universal beggars,
Charity's Poyais' state, Mc. Gregors—
O begging craft, worst of monopolies!
So cats, as says FONTAINE, Ratopolis
Completely ruin'd of it's populace;
And took themselves th' exclusive right
Of foraging by day and night.

Thus whilst their beadles scour the city,
Out rush the ministers of pity;

* It is as bankrupt in Bristol, as in London.
† Necessitas non habet leges.—*Vide* CHEVY CHACE.

Male, female, young and old—the cry
Is up,—for sweet *St. Charity!*
—Now, what subscriptions fly about,
For new-coin'd hymns for the devout;
For blankets, counterpanes, and rugs,
Pap-dishes, warming-pans, and drugs;
For miseries new-found out, and old;
For miseries never to be told;
Miseries of bodies and of souls,
For German sufferers, and for Poles;
For new Committees and Communions,
Conventicles, and Bethel Unions?
Itinerant, coxcomb, ranting preachers
Fly up and down as gifted teachers,
Publish by hand-bills and by scouts,
And weekly twang from canting snouts,
That the great STEPHANOFF OF UFF
Is going to preach you *stuff-enough;*
To teach the flocks to disrespect
Their parish-priests, and seek the sect,
And follow Charity's hub-a-dub
With hurras for the Bible-Club!

An office opens, on what plan?
To book by *Stanstead's* holy van
Ticketed Jews for Paradice—
Let's see the *Way*-bill—what the price?
Ten thousand pounds—and one poor Jew

His Christian bacon learns to chew,
Then laughs for *sin agog* anew.
Ten thousand pounds—'tis but a mite—
So precious is an Israelite.

Now gentle Misses Heterodox
Rattle the Missionary box,
And beg your sovereign or your guinea,
For Woahoo and Morotinne;
And sweetly of your cash would light ye—
To send it out to Otaheite.—
Now godly school-boys tops neglect,
And club their pennies for The Sect.
Pathetic Misses learn the ravages
Committed by the horrid savages;
And each religious "goody-two-shoes"
Clubs sixpence to convert the Loo Choos.
—Whilst real charity, the bond
Of nature, yields to vagabond;
Whilst natural Charity of brother,
Of sister, husband, father, mother,
Turns selfish, shuts up heart, and stores,
And turns affection out of doors;
Wallows like brutal hog in mire,
And snores like a Carthusian Friar.
—All, all are mad—whome'er you meet,
Or friend or stranger in the street,

This is the salutation us'd.
"Subscribe, subscribe"—you'd stand excus'd;
What then,—you would be off—not so,
You're caught, he will not let you go;
Your cormorant never leaves the wreck;
"You must subscribe, here—write your cheque."
Stunn'd by the persecuting tribe,
At length you're conquer'd—and subscribe.
O that one had a name whose sound
Alone, would stand for twenty pound;
A ducal, royal-ducal wonder,
That all would gladly put their's under,
Baronial or Right Honorable,
Magnifi pseudo charitable,
Such as like NUGENT's might be fit
To play for one's own benefit;
And claim a noble perquisite.*
We then at least might save our cash,
Who dares to say, a good name's trash?

There are have found out a new way,
Their saintly charities to pay—
Ask LAWYER SMOOTH—he knows—but stay—
Stay—ask him not, by heav'ns you'll rue.—
'Tis six and eightpence if you do.

* *Vide* the columns of John Bull—*passim.*

Go be his client, pay his bill;
You'll find whose grist is in the mill,
When in each charitable list,
The name of Smooth is never miss'd.—
—Has he no conscience you will cry?
No conscience! yes—one conscience Sly—
'Conscience makes cowards of us all'
Was an old saying, 'ere a call
Made Saints send Conscience to the wall.
Conscience is but his articl'd clerk,
That keeps his private ledger—mark—
An account current stands therein;
Cr. Charity—*Dr.* Sin—
How stands the balance on the whole?
A mite in favor of his soul.
Go on and prosper, Lawyer Smooth,
And bid the Devil take down his booth,
To two-fold profit while you look,
T'enrol your name in Heaven's good book,
And bring more gudgeons to your hook.

Why is't, that all detest the state
And manners of your would-be great,
As if the world were only made
For them to figure in, and trade?
As they were earth's sole lords and giants,
And we their miserable clients?

How big the boobies ignorance suckles!
My quondam school-fellows, whose knuckles
Have play'd with me at taw and top,
Now pass me by, nor deign to drop
The eyes of their sublime disparity
To th' level of familiarity.
While in the pockets of their breeches
They dive, and count, and twirl with twitches
Their cash, delighting in the rattle;—
So greedy graziers grope their cattle.
—E'en let them pass, look grand and grim,
My back as much is turn'd on him,
Who passing turns his back on me,
And thinks he scorns my company.
I do not value them a flea;
No—nor the paring of my nail;
All vulgar vanity's full sail.

What are these little great, that so
Like dunghill cocks at home they crow?
Of purer race, of nobler blood,
Or Bristol diamonds, mud, mud, mud.
Are they of finer clay? 'twere mockery
To call them *porc*elain,—vulgar crockery—
Wise, learned are they? no, much pains
They take, to show their lack of brains.
What none of these!—what are they then?

You have the secret—monied men.—
Alike, all wormwood of one sap,
All vermin of the self-same trap.—
See one, 'tis ten to one, you'll find
Another following close behind;
Your purse-proud men like wild geese sail
With each his brother at his tail.
So dogs, whose instinct's in the snout,
Contrive to smell each other out,
As if they knew a master of arts
By smelling at his hinder parts.

O little vanity, O thirst
And pride of money, pride the worst!
O bestial ignorance, and the glut
Of fools of th' ill-form'd occiput!
Would! that the Craniologist,
Spurtzheim, with scientific fist
Would lay about him well and thump,
And level every odious bump!
Then might he mould to human shapes,
The heads of all conceited apes;
Give knaves and rogues, poltroons and gulls,
A harmless turnip each for skulls.

'Tis said by, as I think, Montaigne,
That fortune over things mundane,

That she might reign Queen paramount,
Vex'd, upon taking an account
Of all her gifts and seigniories,
To find, she could'nt make fools wise,
Resolv'd at least to make them rich,
To kick their betters in the breech.

I wonder Painters make her blind;
For with this purpose in her mind,
She seems a most discerning minx,
And can discriminate like a lynx.
She's sometimes painted with a wheel,
Which means th' inquisitorial zeal
Which wracks poor bankrupts, when they're broke,
That is, are tortur'd on her spoke.

Boyardo, in th' Inamorato,
Makes her as bald as a potatoe,
Except a single lock before,
Which very cunningly she wore,
Spinning about, that none should profit
By it, or take advantage of it.
Reminding us what hoards of guineas
Have been obtained from Spinning Jennies.

We've seen her with a Cornucopia,
Pouring the big end on Utopia,

Her own *Bigendians* to bless,
While *Littleendians* have the less.
But there's no end, 'twould take one weeks
To say all allegory speaks
Of Fortune's follies and her freaks.
All mean this moral to express—
Judge not of wisdom by success;
Keep if you have, if not, make shifts
To do without her and her gifts.

Is pugilistic zeal abated,
The Fancy all so*fist*icated?
O would! tho' wishing is but vain,
The Champion of the School would train,
And like strong Hercules in fable,
Would cleanse our own Augean stable,
With fist of Pollux to make ample
Fair room, to set a good example;
And he would retail out the rigour
Both of his art and of his vigour—
I'd bid some certain folks defiance;
And buy a penn'worth of his science.

Two Corporations on our backs!
At once our *bread* and *water* tax!!
What have your Merchant Venturers done?
Would they were all well pump'd upon?

Deny, from Heaven's all plenteous store
A draught of water to the poor! *
What! rather see it run to † waste,
Than let the sick and thirsty taste!
Poor burthen'd citizens, you toil
More hard than camels, o'er a soil
Of gushing springs, but at the brink
Stands avarice, lest you dare to drink.
When Moses struck, and water flow'd,
'Twas sin, tho' bounteously bestow'd;
Because presumption rais'd the rod,
Nor own'd the gracious gift of God!
Is the presumption less to stop
The fount of wealth, or drop by drop,
To dole out Heaven's all bounteous ‡ gift
Like hucksters with penurious thrift?
You greedy niggards stretch and strain;
The damm'd up stinking harbour drain,
Then try, monopolize the rain.

Old Neptune, seeing what you've done

* The spring is public property; and the pump or bason formerly was accessible to all the world.

† Ex quo sunt illa communia, non prohibere aqua profluente &c. &c.—Cicero.

‡ Have the Merchant Venturers forgot by whom it is said, "For whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name, he shall not lose his reward."—St. Mark, 9 chap. 41 verse.

Has struck his trident, cut and * run;
Has put on an *incog:* and ta'en
(Ye Gods and little Fish complain!)
Cheap lodgings up in Water-lane.

Rise, good St. Peter, and protect
Your own fair spring—be circumspect;
Stand guard with those your massive keys;
(Unless they too have cross'd the † seas.)
Give each invading fool a thump,
They've seiz'd your spital—save your pump!

Poor humble citizen, thy fate
Might make e'en small-beer poets prate.
Indeed thou art suck'd very dry,
As hungry spiders suck a fly,
Then hang him up till sun and wind
His wretched carcass have calcin'd.
Methinks I see thy shrunken shanks
Bend to the breeze, as if in thanks
That 't hadn't blown thee off the stones,
Which thou hast polish'd with thy bones.
Thou'rt dwindled to a very moth,
And frettest so—cooling one's broth

* Statue of Neptune lately removed from Temple-street.

† Conveyed by the absent Rector to the West-Indies, who departed thither soon after having taken possession of them.

Might blow thee quite away like froth.
Thou lookest dingy like the sheep,
The which thy reverend clergy keep
In College-Green, that hang their tails,
And baa so 'twixt those iron rails,
And show their atrabilious plight,
As if they fed on aconite;
Or 'stead of grass or turnip root
Upon deal shavings and on soot.

'Tis said, there are three things alone,
We've any right to call our own;—
Our souls, our bodies, goods or chattels,
I never could discover what else;
Yet these, like fleas on a dog's back,
Peculiar vermin will attack.
Our goods the lawyers take in hand,
And eat holes into house and land;
Our bodies are at the Physician's
To mar and maul with free incisions,
Who innoculate that plague small-pox,
Lest any should escape their knocks;
E'en our poor souls these cormorants draw,
Which, 'tis the toss up of a straw,
If saints or sinners clapperclaw.

O Bristol, rich in fortunes made,

In citizens immur'd in trade,
In ships, in sailors, drags, and drays,
In cant, conventicles, and quays.
In painters,—whom you do not cloathe;
In poets,—whom I fear you loathe,—
Who gave to CHATTERTON his birth,
And drove him starving from your hearth;
Gave him a stone, who wanted bread—
And famish'd whom you should have fed!
Parent of SOUTHEY, scarce the nurse,
Asham'd to own a child of verse;
Though lusty grew that child and strong,
An infant Hercules of song,
That dar'd his little arms to lift
Above the aims of vulgar thrift,
And seize the muses noblest gift!
And gave the promise of renown,
That soon would wear the Laureat-crown.
Unnatural mother, BRISTOL, shown
Unkind, ungrateful to your own!
Be bountiful, enlarge your view,
And when you man your's hip anew,*
Never forget your native crew.

And thou! good SOUTHEY, when that day

* *Vide* City Arms.

Shall come, that from thy mortal clay
Shall quench the fire, for come it must,
And thou shall rest with honour'd dust;
When old Mortality shall split
Thy pen, yet leave what thou hast writ,
And with his horrid scythe complete
A wood cut for thy final sheet;
(Unsparing e'en such worth as thine is)
And shall engrave the fatal—*Finis*.
Then SOUTHEY, not till then, thy praise
Thy fellow-citizens shall raise,
In marble have thy name embost—
Perhaps?—if thou bequeath the cost.

E'en I, some ages hence, whose chin
Pierian streams has dabbled in;
I, whose poetic nasal whistle
Is of the true Phœbean gristle,
Who utter, publish, and translate,
My Latin rhymes, and dedicate
To eyes and ears that take no note;
When Death shall strip this fleshy coat,
And throw me by among his ravages,
Perhaps in such a grave as SAVAGE's;*

* SAVAGE the Poet, *vide* JOHNSON's LIVES, died in St. Peter's Hospital, a pauper, and lies buried in St. Peter's Church-yard.

A poet I shall still exist,
In some new JOHNSON's British list;
Nor shall I altogether feed
The moths and worms, for cits will read;
I shall escape oblivion's nook?
E'en now I feel myself a book;
A real book—'twill bear recital,
If I prognosticate my title—
"*Elegantiæ Latinæ;*
"*Bilinguis specimen doctrinæ.*
"Or rhymes in English and in Latin
"Not bastard, but the genuine satin,*
"With notes explanatory, and
"Historical, by an unknown hand,
"Suppos'd a CITIZEN of BRISTOL,
"A gem, a diamond, a true crystal,
"This fiftieth elegant edition
"Under correction and revision
"Of LUCIUS GOODENOUGH, D. D.
"Head-Master of the City Free
"Establishment†—terms moderate—
"Where he receives to educate
"In all the classical diversities,
"Young gentlemen for the Universities."

* *Vide* Lord BYRON's Beppo.

† There are now but few Schools—Establishment is the fashion.

Then in gilt binding neatly done
By Norton, or perhaps his Son;
By order of select Committee,
At cost and charges of the City,
I shall a splendid presentation
Be offered to the Corporation,
To be laid up in civic glory,
In their sublime repository,
'Mongst all the treasures of the chest,
Like them no more to be suppress.
But now—whilst living, making verses,
Ye give me nothing,—but your curses.
Just so, ye citizens ingrate,
When gentle cats articulate,
Or at your windows or your doors,
The serenades of their amours,
Urg'd by that * amiable insanity,
As Horace terms such amorous vanity,
And in chromatic tones and *guttural*,
Their learned Epithalamia utter all;
Ye have no patience with their tones,
Fling brick bats at them, sticks and stones,
And do your best to break their bones;
But soon as they have lost their wind,
These gentle creatures, caught, and skinn'd,

* Amabilis Insania.—Hor.

Those entrails taken out and dried,
Whose sounds ye never could abide,
Shall leave the streets of old * Abona,
And be exported to Cremona;
There to be made to fiddle strings,
And re-imported—precious things:—
Then when some Lindley shall extract
The very self-same, and exact
Tones, ye were wont so to despise,
For extacy ye'll wink your eyes,
Each critic, exquisite, and zany,
As if herself great Catalani
Were singing 'fore the Dilettanti,
Rossini's elegant "*di tanti.*"—

Farewell, friend Felix, 'tis high time
That I should put an end to rhyme;
Felices ambo, you and madam,
Live ye as long as Eve and Adam;
—No disrespect to your Lætitia—
I think you should have wed Felicia,†
Who holds such musical sweet parley,
In th' columns of your weekly Farley.

* Antient name of Bristol.

† Felicia Hemans, the sweetest of Poetesses. *Vide* Poet's corner of *Felix Farley*, passim.

But as folks say what is, must be—
—I wish ye all *felicity*.
Now should you think me somewhat long,
And that I sing a Cheviot song;
I offer JUVENAL's excuse,
Who tells us ink was made for use,
*To spare the perishable ream
That of all follies 'tis extreme.
The poor Franciscan, who with cord
Teaches his back to praise the Lord
For all the stripes, that may remit
The sins his tongue or hands commit,
Reminds me, that perchance my back,
If more I write may share a smack;
And dancing to no pleasant tune is
To change one's *finis* into *funis*.†

* Furor est perituræ parcere chartæ.
† A rope.

THEMANINTHEMOON.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note A. p. 62.

Or do they, like great Garagantua,
Swallow the churches (though the peoples)
And pick their teeth with all the steeples.

This year the great Wullypullypuffle was chosen Reeve of Cacopolis; he was the sixteenth cousin to the most renowned Pantagruel. In him were thought to be revived the bulk and magnitude of the ancient giants from whom he descended. Though mankind have much degenerated since the days of Atlas, and Briareus with one hundred hands; yet was this Wullypullypuffle worthy the antient stock; and historians say, that when he died and ascended to the 27th Heaven, he was so vast, that attempting to take his stand between Virgo and Scorpio (which latter had before, according to Virgil, contracted his claws to admit Julius Cæsar) he crushed the great toe of Hercules, and did much damage to the scales of Libra; which is considered by the College of Astrologians as the true cause, that the balance of Justice is so apt to lean on one side.

There is still preserved of him his Cap, and his Sword which he used to stick in his girdle; and though so large that it can with difficulty be lifted by mortal hands, it was to him but as a *Plaything*, the page to his Durlindana, which was afterwards presented to Orlando Furioso, and became so renowned for its many famous exploits. The huge weapon is to this day carried before the Reeve or Mayor in honor of the memory of so great a man, and *in terrorem* to all little ones. To bear this sword an officer of tried metal is specially appointed, denominated the Sword-Bearer, who in consideration of his weighty charge, is generally allowed a seat in the same carriage with the Mayor himself. The afore-mentioned cap is likewise, even to this day, conspicuously placed in the Courts of Justice, to signify the judicial *Cap a city*, which it formerly covered. Though some antiquarians will by no means allow, that it could have been the cap of Wullypullypuffle, seeing it must have been far too small for him, even in his infancy; and further add, that if it was, like Fortunatus's, it has lost its virtue.

This year, as I before stated, Wullypullypuffle being chosen Reeve of Cacopolis, a certain valuable ecclesiastical benefice fell vacant, which he disposed of to his own satisfaction, in a manner truly worthy his generous, disinterested spirit. When the forty-three members of the Fraternity of Cacopolis met together to discuss this matter, every one was for conferring it upon his own relatives, from the nearest of kin to the 75th Welch cousin. And although *Bluebottom*, recently elected into their order, gravely asked, if there might not possibly be some deserving citizen upon whom

they might bestow it;—one duly qualified by piety and learning;—the suggestion was coughed down, and the offending member called to order for making a proposal so *inexpedient*, and so contrary to the usage, and by-laws, and rules of the Worshipful Body.—Wullypullypuffle put an end to this discussion by the following short, pithy, and persuasive speech:—"Hem! hey! My Masters, what! hey! my Masters, hey! hem! Leave this business to me, I say leave it to me, and I will dispose of this benefice myself; or you will never be represented by gentlemen of authority more. Don't pretend to be ignorant; hem! hey! upon what conditions I condescended to fill this office. You well know, there have been so many skinners and tanners among ye, that the great magisterial civic mansion became rumfusticated with the odour of their unsavoury callings. The very horses snorted a natural antipathy as they passed it, happy to escape with a whole skin. Hence it had such an ill name, that it was easier to levy fines than have the office served. Whereupon, in this your distress, I, Wullypullypuffle, honourably stepped forth to preserve your dignity; and calling in four dozen of the best scourers and perfumers, I found it would cost, upon the lowest estimate, fourteen hundred and thirty-three crowns and a half to cleanse, purify, and sweeten the same, which as the law, *de sumptu civili et de dilapidationibus*, saith, would rightly fall upon you. All which, however, I offered to defray at my own proper charge, provided, * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
Now you all know, you gave assent to this, *
* * * * * * * * * *

Deny it if you will, and by the soul of my great ancestor Garagantua, I will hang up in the public hall the maggoty ass'sskin, which the scourers found under the cushion of the great Magisterial Chair, and have the names of every mother's son of ye painted on it in vulgar sheep's ochre and vitriol, that all the soap lees of your fraternity shall never eradicate your disgrace.—Now is this small matter at my disposal or not? Hey! hem! my Masters!'

Upon this eloquent speech *Kissbreech* and *Humblemumble* threw up their caps, shouting "Long live Wullypullypuffle the Great!" So none durst say no. Whereupon the whole company walked to the great church of St. ****** to sing *Te Deum*. The entrance to which they found blocked up with 1500 baskets of loaves, the accumulation of the revenues of the said benefice. This made Wullypullypuffle laugh very heartily. "Call me not an Episcopalian," quoth he, "if I know not how to find the key hole of a church door." Whereupon, ordering his chaplain Graziosorioso, who stood or bent forward, like a new-dubbed *Baccalaureus Artium* at his left ankle to say short grace, he at one mouthful ate about 107 loaves, be the same more or less, and swallowed all down without making a bite; which so terrified Kissbreech and Humblemumble, that in their fright, not knowing what they did, they crept into one of the baskets, just as Wullypullypuffle had his grasp upon it; they were, therefore, tossed into his mouth, together with 126 loaves. They had just time to creep on one side to escape the great gulph, and set up a monstrous cry.—"What a singing have I in my ear," said Wullypullypuffle, "I must physic for this cold in my head." But at that instant Kiss-

breech, creeping into a hollow tooth, touched the nerve with the projection of his knees, as he lay huddled up within; which caused Wullypullypuffle to spit, and he spat out Humblemumble upon the ground, and so hurt his back bone, that he was never afterwards able to walk upright. But Wullypullypuffle, being still in an agony of pain, and looking round for something sharp for a toothpick, and observing the steeple standing in the middle of the tower of the church of St. ******, he with one turn of his wrist wrenched it off, and probing his tooth with the sharp end, ran the weathercock into Kissbreech's eye, and picked him out, to the astonishment and merriment of all beholders. It was a miracle, that the weathercock did not entirely destroy the sight of Kissbreech's eye, but he certainly could never after look straight. Hence it came to be a common saying, that one, who so looked, has a cock in his eye.—Wullypullypuffle being now delivered from his pain, the chaplain Graziosopioso, raising his proboscis to an angle of forty-five degrees, and albificating his oculars, ejaculated, "*Agimus tibi gratias*," which so pleased Wullypullypuffle, that he chucked him the remaining basket of loaves, crying out at the same sime, "Well done my little Chanticleer of the Church, by my thumb, but you shall have * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The steeple having served its office as a toothpick, fell out of his hand, and was broke off about three-parts from the top. The city architects, masons, carpenters, bricklayers and plasterers, were long in consultation what to do with it, and all agreeing that it would look ridiculous placed in

the centre, its old position, thus mutilated of its fair proportion, they stuck it on one side, where one of the pinnacles should be, and there it remains, as all may see, to this day, like the small extinguisher to a rushlight, attempting to overtop the magnificent holy candle *Ecclesiæ Sancti Michaelis*.

Chronicles of the Kings of Brentford,
Vol. 24, page 435.

Note B. p. 76.

Deucalion thus, by throwing stones,
Rais'd up a progeny of bones.

This fable, which probably owes its origin to the flood, has given rise to innumerable and still greater monstrosities; I have met with one so whimsical and curious, that I am tempted to give an exact copy of it. But as the matter is passing strange, and the world is little satisfied with less than most minute particulars, and for aught I know, I may be called upon for them, when it may be inconvenient to come before the public, (for I have already had this critical battery fired at me, and have been the suspected Author of a History as true as this, which I did not write) I shall, as briefly as I can, state how this historical treasure came into my hands.

Some time in the winter of 1784, being then at my lodgings in *Queen-square*, and extending my lucubrations to a late hour, it became necessary to remove the paper rings which effected the union between the long sixes, and the sockets of a pair of large brass candlesticks, of somewhat antique shape, which were usually put before me. In removing the paper, I was much surprised to find some Latin words upon it, and was particularly struck with the word BRISTOLIENSIS. I read with avidity a few lines, when the flame expiring left me in the dark, and without means of throwing further light upon the subject. Suffice it to say, that upon due enquiry and search, I found a mutilated MS. which my landlady told me had belonged to a poor old Dutch gentleman, who had died suddenly in her house about five years before that time. How was I surprised, when I found the MS. to be a HISTORY OF BRISTOL, written in Latin, by one VANDERGELDTPENZEGETTEN, formerly of Amsterdam.

As I before said, the MS. is considerably mutilated, yet there is much curious, and I trust valuable matter remaining; and though the author somewhat deals in the marvellous, there is reason to hope, that the work which I purpose to translate and lay before the public, will bear successful competition with the equally valuable Memoirs of the City, now publishing by the very learned Author; and if it cannot cope with that work in fancy, I do trust it will be found of equal merit in point of veracity, which after all, is, if not the most agreeable, the best virtue of an Historian. The narrative which I propose to extract is an Historical Account of the miraculous emersion of Queen-square from an impenetrable bog—it runs thus.

"It happened in the year of our Lord, (here *maledictæ sint tineæ*, the worms have shown their enmity or perhaps their liking to dates, for like the merchant in the Arabian tales, they have dined upon them) one NATHANIEL SPLIDT, of Amsterdam, merchant, being bound for Bristol, his ship was cast away upon some rocks in the Channel, called, the Bishop and his Clerks. Fortunately for Splidt, or it were with more propriety, to say unfortunately, he was not drowned, but sticking to a jutting point of rock, he remained in this miserable condition the whole night, the storm continually increasing, hooting and howling about him: Splidt was a prudent man and not easily frightened. At dawn of day, he perceived something floating towards him; on nearer approach he discovered it to be a large chest, to which a black figure clung, keeping his head just above water. As Splidt, when necessity required, never objected to lie two in a bed, and as he hoped by these means to land in safety at the nearest port, he did not refuse the solicitations of it's possessor to become joint-tenant; wherefore, by a vigorous effort, he gained the chest, just as it was passing the rock, to which he had so long stuck almost petrified, not unlike a crost oyster out of his bed.

"The new vessel bore her freight tolerably well; for some time they went on swimmingly, though Splidt had little reason to be pleased with his 'co-partner in exile,' who continually uttered the most horrible imprecations, staring all the while in the face of Splidt, with an aspect becoming every moment more diabolical. But a circumstance very soon occurred, which convinced the poor merchant, that for the first time in his life, he was

trading on the same bottom with the Devil himself. For the tide carrying them up the River Avon, as they were passing Pyle or Pill, a very goodly spire stood in view, upon a little rising ground, very near the water's edge. Now it is asserted in the Opus Merlini of Coccæus, in his *De Arte Diabolicâ*, that a church spire has such power of attraction, that the Devil can never approach within a certain distance of one, without danger of being nailed to it fast as it's clock. And it was an incident of this kind which happened at Nurenberg, which gave rise to the odious Proverb, 'the nearer the church the farther from good.'

"At sight of this spire, therefore, the Devil was not a little terrified, like the third Calendar at sight of the Black Mountain; and in attempting to stick close to the chest by drawing his legs under it, he gave a sort of Somerset half out of the water, shewing to his astonished companion his cloven foot and the whisk of an enormous tail. There was, however, little occasion for fear, as the spire was nothing more than a Pigstye Orneè*, and though an attraction for many a tenant in *tail*, had no power over the tenant in possession of the chest. But the Devil himself is sometimes off his guard. After this they were borne rapidly up the Avon, until they were deposited in a Marsh, then called Queen's Marsh, having the City of Bristol within a stone's throw behind it. Here Splidt thought to escape, but the Devil spitting through his teeth (a diabolical accomplishment still practised by some of our

* Since printing this Note, the Author has sent us a more descriptive account of this pigstye, which will be found in the note next following.—*Editor.*

gentry) there sprang up at some distance around them, in rows, and at an instant, tall goodly trees, swaying about their vast arms, like scythes. These trees remain to this day, and are still, a *scandalum magnatum*, great encouragers of the Devil's works. Besides this, the Devil made use of many other arts to detain poor Splidt, whom, though of known integrity, he long held captive, nor would he allow him to redeem his liberty on any other terms than the selling himself in reversion.

"Seven years did the Devil and Splidt remain here night and day, squat upon the Marsh, in close argumentation, before the treaty was struck, assigning to the Devil the merchant, soul and body, in perpetuity."—

Having by me a full account, written by Splidt himself, I could detail at some length many of the conversations, which were carried on in low Dutch; but I will on no account meddle with the Devil's arguments, fearing they may be too many and too strong for some weak minds; and I would not willingly have to combat them myself, being warned by the old Proverbs,—"Good words break no bones;"—"Scratch my breech and I'll claw your elbow;"—"An idle brain is the Devil's shop." I shall, therefore, deem it sufficient to say, that poor Splidt at last yielded, having made the best bargain he could, and the contract was ratified between them; and what may now appear strange, was signed and sealed without the presence of an attorney, as this profession are generally reckoned indispensable in such cases and with such clients.

In this treaty, Splidt bargained for the entire possession of this Marsh in fee for ever; which said Marsh had, during this space seven of years, under-

gone a most wonderful change. For the whole of the time being spent in dry controversy, it became advisable to examine the contents of the chest, which was found to contain 18 gallons of rum, 4000 lemons, an unascertained quantity of sugar, and a very pretty assortment of pipes and tobacco.

Splidt took naturally to the latter, and of the other ingredients the Devil manufactured a beverage, called Punash, Punish, or Punch. These ingredients were no sooner used, than by his wonderful art, they were renewed, for this chest was very unlike Pandora's box, both as to it's contents, and that something better than hope was at the bottom. Now as whole days and nights were passed in incessant arguing, drinking, and smoking, drinking, smoking, and arguing, the merchant putting aside his opponent's arguments with a puff, obfuscating his own into vapour, and the Devil strengthening his by a well directed Punch in his antagonist's belly; it follows, that an immense quantity of tobacco was smoked, and Punch drank, whereof the lemon-peel strewed on the ground, fairly filled up the Marsh, which, it's vapours being rectified by the fumigation, and the moisture dried up by the heat of the Devil's posteriors, became a dry and very likely piece of ground.

Besides the above-mentioned condition, Splidt further bargained, that the Devil should furnish the spot with proper and suitable edifices, according to a plan drawn out by Splidt himself, and that he should fill every house and warehouse so edificated, with good and punctual tenants to pay rent to Splidt and to his heirs for ever. All this was effected in the following manner. The Devil taking the broken tobacco pipes, fixed them per-

pendicularly in the ground; from these in a short time arose very fair and noble edifices. Then spitting upon the lemon-pips, he put them also in the earth, first making a hole with his little finger, and treading in the soil again with his cloven foot. It was not long ere a notable number of ready-made merchants, true *terræ filii* sprang from the hot bed like human mushrooms. These, upon the terms specified and leases drawn, took possession of their new habitations, and exercised an industry in their vocation truly worthy their origin.

Hence it came to pass, that Splidt became one of the richest merchants of the city, and in process of time the Splidtites, the Αυτοχθονες splitting into many families, much increased, and obtained at first influence, then dominion over the city and its affairs; and it is said all of this race (as of the οι Σπαρτοι, or serpent men, formerly among the Thebans) are easily distinguishable for having still a spice of the devil in them. It is said also, that the most respectable citizens have been driven out by these Splidtites, and like the Plebeians of Rome, have retired to Clifton as their *Mons sacer*, and that the Splidtites, reigning in uncontrouled authority, have by virtue of the above-mentioned contract claimed *certain dues* as belonging to them, unknown to the former inhabitants, and highly injurious to the interests of the city.

Now lest this most true historical narrative should seem incredible, it may be proper to add, that while all this contracting, bargaining, edificating, &c. was going on, the Inhabitants of Bristol knew nothing of the matter, for the Devil has many ways of carrying on his works, without the cognizance of bye-standers, to whom such things as he

chooses to perform, are either altogether invisible, or appear to be the ordinary operations of nature, or the works of the heads and hands of mankind. But those pious people who are fully aware of Satanic power, and are versed in the mysteries of the great Jacob Behmen, will not in the least degree doubt the fact. Tradition says, that the spot, where the Devil fixed his seat, was where the present Custom-house stands, and it is believed there are still subterranean passages and vaults wherein he sometimes brews—mischief no doubt—and that by these he holds evil communication subversive of good manners, with the Custom-house, Mansion-house, and sundry other places I will not mention. And it is still moreover gravely asserted by some, that on every Saturday night at twelve o'clock precisely, he enters into the statue of King William (since erected in the centre of the square) and that the horse, though of hard metal, there and then, may be seen to turn his tail to the Custom-house, fling out his heels and—here is an *hiatus maximi deflendus*.

It may be worthy of remark, that before this time, there was no such parish as St. Nicholas. The Patron Saint was St. Leonard, who, by the nic-naming *iniquity* of the Splidtites, was thus forced into copartnership with Old Nick; and it was not until the later times of a pious vicar of the parish, remarkable for his success in mollyfying the ferocious manners of the fish venders upon the Back, that in compliment to him, and their patron saint, (the familiar of the fishes,) as it were by universal ostracism, Old Nick was changed to St. Nick, which the more grave and discreet parishoners have happily converted into St. Nicholas ———

Here follows another hiatus, an injury to some extent; at the end of the leaf are these words.—"Thus was effected the building of QUEEN-SQUARE, and its wonderful emersion, through diabolical agency, from an impenetrable marsh."

The Note on the Pigstye, referred to in p. 145.

Every one has heard of the celebrated PETER WILKINS; it was an immediate descendant of his, one Geoffrey Wilkins, who like his great progenitor left his native home in search of a new world. He embarked at Cardiff in Wales, landed and settled in Pill (since the days of Madoc the Ultima Thule of the Welsh). He did not, like Æneas under similar circumstances, expect to find, so brought his pig with him. He is said to have been the first who taught the inhabitants of Bristol to eat roasters, for before his time they had thought of nothing more than of saving their bacon. By this, and the prolific quality of his sow, being a parsimonious man, he rose to considerable wealth, and erected this spire over the edifice appropriated to his sow, in honour of his favourite, as a monument for her both living and dead; which monument* has been constantly kept in repair by the posterity of the said Geoffry Wilkins, one of whom, a pious Divine, and learned in the languages, has decorated the cenotaph with an inscription facetiously said to be worthy so *litter*ary a character. On a neat

* From this spiral erection is doubtless derived the common saying that every voyager bound for Bristol, when he enters the Avon, is sure to have a stye in his eye.

tablet is represented the said Geoffrey Wilkins in a kneeling posture, offering a garland, round which is entwined a scroll, with the following line, expressive of her prolific quality and place of residence, (commonly all that need be said on similar occasions) and an admirable example of epitaphic simplicity. The line is from Homer.

"That Bard Divine
"Who made his heroes ministers to swine. OLD POEM.

Η δε Πυλε' βασιλευσε τεκεν δε οι αγλαα τεκνα

"She was the very best of swine that Pill could ever boast,
"And when she pigg'd a litter, all her roasters rul'd the roast. HOG, TRANSLATOR.

Beneath is a very singular inscription, which has long puzzled the learned and curious to decypher; it has led to much controversy, and many various readings have been proposed. It is in the Greek character, nuts to the critics, and Greek to all the world.* Professor Porson employed much time upon it, but his conjectures are unsatisfactory, deserving, indeed, the severe censure of the very erudite Dr. Goodenough, of our City School, who in his preface to his treatise upon this morsel of literature, makes this remark—

"Hic Porsonus porcinè somniavit."

*Σϐ Σϐ
Ταχ' ϐ αρ' ποσις
φευ φευ
Αρ' ελειχ' ευ ο γαμων
Νυ Αδης αιμ' ε ε ε
Το ϛον ϐαι
Ενδειϛ ω μ' ειπε γε.

Dr. Goodenough has very ingeniously conjectured it to be in imitation of a chorus in Euripides, and has thus translated it:—

"Quickly alas! has not death, your spouse, too truly marrying you, lick'd your blood, alas! alas! alas! woe is me! Or tell me, do you but sleep?"

This marriage of Death, he observes, with Mr. Wilkins's sow, is in the manner of the true pathos of the Greek drama: the εν ο γαμων the Dr. thinks is a sort of repetition, to do away the suspicion of bundling, a suspicion so very likely to arise in the mind of a Welchman.

The learned Dr. does not pass any high eulogium on the Greek, which, however, he thinks a pretty fair specimen, as coming from the College of St. David's.

The ingenuity of the reverend and learned Doctor reminds us too nearly of the discovery of good and true Irish in the Carthaginian sentence from Plautus; but with all due deference to the Doctor's accurate knowledge of Greek and acumen, I should suspect the whole to be English disguised under Greek character; for it is a very common practice to conceal fulsome praise in epitaphs under characters unknown to the vulgar, as if the dead had a prescriptive right to the dead languages.

If the reader will take into consideration that Mr. Wilkins, probably both wrote and spoke English in the Welch dialect, and bear in mind the appropriate figure offering the garland above alluded to, he will, I think, agree with me that this literary enigma may be thus solved:—

SOW, SOW,
TAKE OUR POSIES
FEW, FEW
ARE LIKE YOU, O GAMMON!
NOW ADAYS, AYE ME!
TOO SOON, O, WHY
YOU DIE SO, MY PIGGY.

ΣΟΥ ΣΟΥ
ΤΑΧ' ΟΥ ΑΡ' ΠΟΣΙΣ
ΦΕΥ ΦΕΥ
ΑΡ' ΕΛΕΙΧ' ΕΥ Ο ΓΑΜΟΝ
ΝΥ ΑΔΗΣ ΑΙΜ' ΕΕΕ
ΤΟ ΣΟΝ ΟΥΑΙ
ΕΥΔΕΙΣ Ω Μ' ΕΙΠΕ ΓΕ.

MR. EDITOR,

THE foregoing extract and notes are somewhat long, but as they relate to my native city, they may be esteemed of value in your paper; I had intended to have read the whole narrative at the PHILOSOPHICAL and LITERARY INSTITUTION in *Park-street*, entertaining some hope that I might be elected Honorary Professor of History. But finding the whole learned and scientific body raving about Queen Nekocoptis and her Hieroglyphics, I had little room to expect they would have any relish for the simple food of matters of fact. I cannot but admire their learned and useful research by which they have made the valuable discovery, that the antient Egyptians wore their own hair, and had nails upon their toes and fingers.

Nor can I hope, that when their hooks are in the flesh pots of Egypt, they will digest the plain fare of sober History; and I am altogether unwilling, from my extreme modesty, that any thing I can can offer should enter into competition with their very learned mummery.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

THEMANINTHEMOON.

Song referred to in p. 97.

A RIGHT MERRY JOLLY SONG,

Proposed to be sung by all true drinkers of

TEA.

Come all ye jolly dogs, let us take a cup of tea,
Gunpowder, Hyson, Souchong, and Bohea.
Your simple water drinkers will never last it long,
Unless to every pint they add an ounce of good Souchong.

Versatur omnium Urna, tea urn is it not,
Which means that every mortal man alive must go to pot.
But we, like true philosophers, philosophise aright,
Our pot shall always ready be, both morning noon and night.

I love a jolly bumper, and when I'm in my cups,
I do not care a fig for life, with all it's downs and ups:
My wit like a *tetotum* spins round the more I drink,
'Tis glorious Congo sets my brain to work and makes me think.

Why should we prate of Bacchus, and call him God Divine?
To me his grapes are sour, and sour grapes make sorry wine;
Don't talk to me of Sherry, Port, or French Frontinac,
Nor barbarous Barbadoes' rum, nor Brandy Cogniac.

I'll put no enemy in my mouth to steal away my wit,
A pot of strong green tea 's the thing alone to freshen it.
That's the true Balm of Gilead, and not your horrid gin,
That gin is but a trap that I'll not be taken in.

Long live the Chinese empire, the empire of all teas,
And long live mighty Kaang Kong, Emperor of the Chinese.
But should he grow exorbitant, why let us all agree,
To keep him in hot water, till he keeps us in tea.

Long live the noble porcelain wall, that winds their land about,
Preserve the teas all good and fresh and keep the *Tartar* out.
No rival may they fear, for tho' we love *black* tea,
We'll have no importations from the Emperor of *Hayti*.

Then come ye jolly dogs, let us take a cup of tea,
Gunpowder, Souchong, Hyson and Bohea.
Your simple water drinkers can never hold it long,
Unless to every pint they add an ounce of good Souchong.

Note C. p. 81.

I would that every man, that stands
At easel, had both house and lands.

"The Ancients, especially all over Greece, were desirous to have the children that were nobly born, trained up to painting, as an employment both honourable and necessary; and this was received into the first rank of liberal Arts; and afterwards slaves were forbid to be taught it by a public decree. Among the Romans likewise, it was held in great reputation, and hence arose the sirname of the noble family of Fabri. For the first Fabrius was sirnamed Pictor, because he excelled in the art of painting, and was so proud of it, that after

he had painted the walls of the temple of Health, he inscribed his own name; as supposing, though he was descended from so illustrious a family, which was honoured with so many titles of consulships and triumphs, and other dignities, and numbered among the best orators; yet that he should receive additional splendor and give a further ornament to his renown, if he transmitted to his posterity the remembrance of his being a painter. Nor have there been wanting others of noble families, who have been celebrated for their skill in this way." *Castiglione's Courtier.*

Note D. p. 88.

And BIRD, *poor* BIRD, *when will regret*
Ere cease, that such a star is set?

BIRD was a highly gifted man, and soon became a very distinguished Artist. Like most of those who have been taught to any purpose, he was his own teacher; free in the exercise of his thoughts, and untutored in the practice of his hand, he was perfectly original. No taint of the imitator is to be found throughout the whole course of his works; they are entirely his own both in conception and execution; he followed no model, he had no master, nature was his mistress,—at once the idol of his love, the object of his imitation, and the test of his works. She appears to have done almost every thing for him; study did but little; and yet from the natural quickness of his perceptions, and the suggestions of a good heart, his pictures never

failed to please the eye of the connoisseur, and to stir the sympathies and affections of all who saw them. BIRD begun his course, and was most successful, perhaps, in that style of Art, commonly called "low life." His pictures however are entirely free from any thing gross or offensive, but on the contrary are full of genuine humour, amusing, interesting and affecting circumstances,—full of good sense, fine feeling, sentiment, and moral tendency. In this class of his works the story is always his own, well chosen and ingeniously told; the characters, incidents, and episodes being the most natural and illustrative that could possibly be employed. Happy had it been for BIRD and his family, had he continued to exercise his powers upon such subjects; but in the latter part of his life he was induced to leave them, and to give himself up to some undertakings, which produced only weariness, disappointment and disgust. This tended rapidly to affect a constitution already shaken by disease, and to shorten a life not less adorned by the social virtues, than honored and distinguished by the brightest talents. He died, and lies buried in the Cloister of the Cathedral of Bristol. The city he honored by his residence and exalted by his fame, has not thought his remains worth a memorial, so that they are yet unmarked by any other, than a slight tablet bearing his name and the date of his death! a tribute of pure sorrow and affection, by his daughter.

[J. M. Gutch, Printer, 15, Small-street, Bristol.]